

PHOTOGRAPHING THE CARRION CROW (Illustrated). By Capt. C. W. R. Knight.  
MANOR HOUSE IN BRITTANY. By Violet Jacob.

# COUNTRY LIFE

25, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLVII.—No. 1220.

SATURDAY, MAY 22nd, 1920.

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BASSANO.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

## The Business of Agricultural Executive Committees

ON this subject Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Agriculture, delivered a curious little essay-answer to a question asked him by the Member for Frome, Mr. Hurd. There are some thirty-five thousand acres being cultivated directly or indirectly by these bodies. The enquiry was directed to ascertaining whether the costings and balance-sheets of these operations were brought before the public or not. Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen admitted that the information is in existence; the Ministry has in its possession balance-sheets showing the financial position with regard to all the farms entered upon by Agricultural Executive Committees on behalf of the Ministry, and cultivated by them. But the essence of his answer lay in the singular reasons he gave for not putting these figures before the farmers. First, the farmer would not be able to draw any reliable conclusions from the figures. We ask why? Farmers are not children. They know very well that if land is allowed to relapse, greater or less expense is involved in getting it back into good cultivation. It is not accurate to say that they are not in a position to draw the proper inferences. Then he went on to describe the business of the Agricultural Committees, which, he said, "is not to show how farms can be worked for profit, but to endeavour to remedy some of the results

of neglect." Such an answer might have passed muster during the war, when the watchword of politicians seems to have been "hang the expense." The country at that time raised no objection. Food had to be found and it was no time to count the cost too carefully, otherwise people might have starved while the figures were being drawn up. But now the case is altogether different. We credit the present Ministry of Agriculture with an ambition to put our greatest industry on such a footing that it will require no State subsidy and will be attractive to enterprising young men with a desire to earn a solid livelihood.

The Parliamentary Secretary should be reminded that the situation has changed. The Executive Committees are not now responsible, as they were, for saving the land from famine. They are carrying out a definite agricultural policy, and this policy, speaking broadly, is to make food production so attractive a calling that the country may become far more self-supporting than it has been in the past. It is not enough, therefore, for an Executive Committee to assume the management of land and endeavour to make it grow foodstuffs whether at a profit or at a loss. The course outlined by the Ministry is in every way open to objection. In the first place, it betrays a great lack of confidence in the farmer; at least, we take this to be the meaning of the sentence, "in many cases this involves heavy outlay before any return appears." Others than farmers are interested in knowing whether that heavier outlay is justified or not. It will be justified if it initiates a style of farming that will prove remunerative in the long run. It will not be justified if the expenditure is likely at all times to exceed the return. You cannot attract men of capital and ability to the farm by showing a hopeless balance-sheet. We do not say an adverse balance-sheet, because there are circumstances in which money has to be expended, it may be for a year or it may be for several years, without bringing a balance to the right side. Every public company goes on the principle that it is just as necessary to show a loss as to show a profit, and we need not say that in many cases the investing public, being convinced that a certain policy will pay in the long run, often continues to buy shares at a premium when no profits are declared. They do this because they are satisfied that the management is proceeding on sound lines and will, soon or late, make the enterprise successful. Now, the average farmer surely has as much perception as the average shareholder. Let him know what the operations have been and the object which has been in view and he is well able to judge whether the proceedings have been carried out on sound principles of finance or not.

But there is another and an equally important side to the question. The war caused an extraordinary multiplication of officials in Great Britain. The majority of them continue at their posts. Surely nothing could be more pernicious than to allow the idea to gain ground that officials have nothing to do with profit and loss; because that is really what Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen's argument comes to. On the contrary, they should be made to know that in matters of this kind efficiency is the only possible excuse for their retention in office. If the Ministry of Agriculture becomes responsible for the cultivation of a farm, it is the business of those who carry it out to see just as jealously as though they were private owners that no penny is expended which is not justified by its aid towards a final profit. Let them work on any principle other than this and there is no power on earth will keep them from becoming effete if they do not become corrupt. The principle enunciated by the Secretary requires to be reversed. His next speech on this subject—and he will probably have to make many—should not read, "the business of the Agricultural Committees is not to show how farms can be worked for profit," but that sentence with the negative left out.

## Our Frontispiece

A NEW portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire appears on the first page of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. It was taken on the eve of her return to Canada after her recent visit to England.





## COUNTRY NOTES

**I**N Part I of the Agricultural Statistics for 1919, issued by the Ministry of Agriculture, the most interesting paragraph is that relating to the number and size of holdings. It shows that the number of holdings underwent a rapid decline in the years 1918 and 1919. The number of holdings in the former year was 420,126, but it had decreased in the succeeding year to 416,668. As the decrease made itself felt mostly in the very small holdings, those between one and five acres, this goes a little way in explanation; but the next two classes, five to twenty, and twenty to fifty acres, also show a decrease, whereas the farms between one hundred and three hundred acres show a slight increase. Holdings above three hundred acres have diminished in number. Of course, one must be very cautious about drawing deductions. In the period under review a quantity of land was taken over by the Government for munition-making and other purposes of that kind; temporary allotments were common, and, acting in a contrary way, building was arrested so that less land was abstracted for making homes and gardens. But obviously the growth of small holdings is artificially stimulated while the operation of economic law tends to their decrease.

**P**ERMANENT changes seem to be indicated by the figures in regard to holdings owned, or mainly owned, by occupiers. There is a steady increase in the number of occupiers who are also owners. The official reporter says that the increased prosperity of the farming community is no doubt responsible for the increased number of farms of twenty acres and over owned and occupied. He does not write so definitely in regard to the smaller number of holdings owned and occupied under twenty acres. He suggests that it may be owing to the utilisation for allotments of paddocks and small fields formerly in the occupation of their owners. The increase in the number of occupying owners of the medium and large farms confirms the reports of what is taking place in the sale-room, namely, that farmers are to a very large extent acquiring land for themselves. It would be of great interest if a return were made showing which families have been selling land and which have been acquiring land. After the Napoleonic Wars bankers came in and the old Norman families went out. The bankers did not do so well in this war because instead of big houses being entrusted with various loans they were negotiated by the Government; but those who produced or dealt in commodities were the men who made the money, and probably a full enquiry would show that successful merchants of one kind and another have joined the land-owning class to as great an extent as men of the Baring type did after the Battle of Waterloo.

**T**HE appearance of the sixteenth Annual Report of the National Art Collections Fund is a reminder of the continuing beneficent activity of that body. The most

notable of its accomplishments in the past year has been the acquisition for the nation of the fine tapestry bought by Wolsey for Hampton Court and now happily returned there. The subject is the "Seven Deadly Sins." But for the intervention of the First Commissioner of Works this fine and historic piece would have gone to America. Another remarkable acquisition, now in the British Museum, is a remarkable Chinese wooden figure of Sung (date say thirteenth century), retaining traces of former brilliant colouring. Some early pieces of Indian sculpture added to the collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum are likewise welcome. Old pictures purchased are not of the first rank, but those by Giovanni di Paolo and Ugolino da Siena fill gaps in the National Gallery, while Canaletti's painting of the interior of Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster finds a suitable permanent home in the London Museum. More important is a charming landscape by that rare Dutch painter, Cornelis Vroom, forerunner of Ruysdael. Among modern works some drawings by Blake will please his lovers. Prout's "Glastonbury" has both an artistic and archaeological interest. A splendid silver centrepiece exemplifies the work of that great London goldsmith of the eighteenth century, Paul Lamerie.

**W**ITH much that is said by our correspondent "Norfolk Landowner," in a letter to be found on another page, we cordially agree, but one is astonished at his reference to waste land. Dr. Edwards surely proved beyond cavil or question that splendid crops can be grown on this land despite the low rainfall and without any elaborate system of irrigation. If our correspondent would take the trouble to go over to the Campine district of Holland or Belgium he would find beautiful farms and estates that not so long ago were areas of blowing sand. Further, he would see the process going on at the present moment. He may study it in every stage. It has turned out so profitable that the poor are keen to get on to the so-called waste, and the rich who own it are eager to call in the aid of the Heather Society in order to have it transformed into good land. Sport does not suffer in the process. We have walked over many miles of the barren Campine moor and have no hesitation in saying that the shooting is practically worthless; but as soon as cultivation begins in earnest and crops are grown game is attracted and thrives because an additional food supply is brought into existence. Rabbits, especially, flourish among the crops to such an extent that it becomes necessary to take very stern measures with them.

VESUBIE.

Why art thou beautiful, eternal stream?  
Is it the shadows on thee of thy walls  
Of stone?—Thy tributary waterfalls  
Where, in the fitful sunlight, glance and gleam  
Lost rainbows?—Or thy foaming crests that cream  
Like tossing manes?—Is it, through rocky halls,  
Thy ceaseless voice that to its echo calls?—  
Or the rare flowers that on thy boulders beam?

Nay; thou art beautiful far otherwise—  
In none of these thine ultimate beauty lies,  
Vesubie. Of Provence, thy shining land,  
Thou art the song—the soul. We understand  
Through thee her heart, her spirit, and her fame,  
O little river with the lovely name.

ADELAIDE PHILLPOTTS.

**W**HERE we agree with our correspondent is in his strictures on the Government scheme. It seems to neglect the one point that needs demonstration, and that is to prove that this land can be made remunerative. Landowners on the light lands of Norfolk have brought before the Ministry of Agriculture facts and figures to show that with their present methods and increased costs they cannot grow remunerative cereal crops. The explanation probably is that they follow the four-course rotation which originated in the county, but is not the best for the light land. In Holland, where reclamation is going on, it is customary to avoid putting up permanent

buildings or things of that kind until the land is pretty fully developed. A great deal of it at one stage closely resembles the reclamation at Methwold, which was a single great field of three hundred acres without fences. But when experience has shown on what lines development may best proceed, then equipment is made to suit the farming. It may take various forms. Some of the land has proved excellent for fruit, some for dairy farming, some for arable; but it is obvious that each demands its own kind of buildings, so that if these had been erected prematurely the chances are that they would have been found unsuitable in the end. Considering that this war, like the great wars of the Middle Ages and of antiquity, has left the world impoverished and many countries threatened with famine, it is not seemly to talk lightly of leaving English land waste. An agricultural authority from New Zealand who called at this office some time ago expressed astonishment at the amount of land that was waste or semi-waste in a country so thickly populated as Great Britain.

COLONEL REID in our Correspondence columns raises an interesting point. It is, "What is meant by war wealth?" He thinks that if fortunes inherited through the death of a soldier are to be subject to this levy it will be iniquitous. We agree with him. Property inherited owing to the death of the previous owner in war should not be subjected to any levy of this kind. But, as far as we can understand the Report of the Select Committee, it is not intended that they should. In the Report of the Select Committee it is stated that only the "part of the inheritance which represented increased wealth acquired by the deceased during the war should bear it." This is not unreasonable and is far from supporting the contention of our correspondent.

AT a country house during the week-end we heard a story which some of our readers may know, but which was new to at least one hearer. It was that of a profiteer who, furnishing his house regardless of expense, brought in his neighbour, a man of fastidious taste, to see it. The fastidious neighbour did not say much, but the next day his boy and girl happened to be in the profiteer's house and the boy at once asked if they "could see the carpet Daddie was speaking about so much last night," whereupon the profiteer smiled as one who had achieved the triumph of having got something to make a connoisseur talk. The boy, accompanied by his sister, was taken into the room where this carpet was. He looked at it gravely and then said to his sister: "It doesn't make me sick at all. Does it you, Mary?"

SOME hundred and more years ago a golfer at Blackheath betted that, given six attempts, he would drive a ball a distance of five hundred feet, though whether he actually won his bet or not is not recorded. That, of course, was with a feather ball. On Saturday last in a driving competition between the leading professionals Ray hit his rubber-cored ball eight hundred and nineteen feet. The difference is an enormous one, not wholly, it may be surmised, to be accounted for by the nature of the ball, for the modern golf club is much less "ill adapted to the purpose" than were its predecessors, and the modern golfer hits harder than the old gentleman of Blackheath would have thought respectable. People are apt very much to exaggerate the length of golf drives, but lately, by means of a system of marking the distances along the side of the fairway, some more or less reliable data have been obtained. Ray's drive was clearly just about as good as one as could be hit under any ordinary conditions, for he was fifteen yards ahead of his two nearest pursuers, Ritchie and Abe Mitchell. There are some tremendous hitters to-day among the younger amateurs, but so far their feats remain unmeasured.

AN interesting side-light is thrown on the building of the threatened City churches by the figures which will be found in our Correspondence columns showing the original cost of building. These figures were

discovered by Sir Lawrence Weaver in three manuscript volumes in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and were communicated to the Society of Antiquaries on December 10th, 1914. They will be studied with astonishment and envy to-day, when the costs of building are so enormously greater than they were in the latter half of the seventeenth century. It will be seen that the costs varied from £1,853 15s. 6d. in the case of St. Vedast to £9,579 19s. 10d. for St. Magnus the Martyr. The average cost of the thirteen churches for which the figures are given was, roughly speaking, £5,000. What a short distance that sum would go to-day in erecting similar buildings! It is no more than a merchant would expect to pay for putting up a modest villa. Even a cottage constructed at present prices makes a very considerable hole in a thousand pounds. The value of the churches, looked at from this point of view, has increased to a gigantic extent.

THE price of sugar has been raised to 1s. 2d. the pound, and if it becomes just a very little dearer it will remind people of what sugar used to cost in the old days of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. In frugal Scotland they have curious memorials of this in the shape of sugar bowls with inscriptions like "Be canny with the sugar" on them. It used to be so great a luxury that people depended to a far greater degree than now on honey for sweetening purposes. As sugar became cheaper the bee-hive passed out of fashion and its going was accelerated by the coming of paraffin oil as an illuminant. Before that people had to depend for their lights on the homely dip or the picturesque and stately wax candle. The latter has been preserved, but only by the fastidious. Swinburne used to have a seven-branch candlestick, and in his glory he sat with a wax candle burning in each. In some churches, too, their light is preferred to any other. But wax as an illuminant will not bear comparison with electric light or acetylene gas. The paraffin lamp tends to become obsolescent, to say nothing of the old-fashioned candlestick. In the past the people put up with dear sugar just as they put up with bad fuel and rough cooking—because they knew no better. But it is always more painful to retrace our steps than to advance.

#### AFTER THE CLIMB.

Simple to find, Signora, is the way!  
 (Though night falls grey  
 In the valley below)  
 Down from yon taper-lighted shrine  
 Two little goat-paths twine  
 To Settignano:  
 Follow the higher. . . . Tho' 'tis dark with shade,  
 Love lights for thee a star. Be not afraid!  
 Addio! . . . Addio! . . .

FAITH HEARN.

IN our Correspondence columns this week is printed a letter from Mr. Campbell-Taylor, a member of the Norfolk Freshwater Fishery Board, endorsing the protests against the tern destruction suggested by the Scottish Sea Fisheries Committee. It is, as our readers know, the third protest that has been made, each coming from one who speaks with authority on the subject. The first to draw attention to it was Mr. H. W. Robinson, who is well known as a field naturalist who has given special attention to ornithology. The next came from Dr. Collinge of St. Andrews University, who has made a special detailed and scientific study of the food of birds. And now comes Mr. Campbell-Taylor, whose investigations have taken a similar turn. He tells us that he has watched terns feeding for hours, and analysed the contents of their stomachs. Never has he detected a trace of freshwater fish or anything that could claim to be considered as belonging to the insect class. In face of such testimony it is surely impossible that the Scottish Committee will carry out their original intention. The terns are the most beautiful ornaments of the seashore, and public opinion would be horrified at any attempt to encourage the shooting of the birds or the harrying of their nests.



# THE ENGLISH WALNUT

By HOWARD C. KEGLEY.



DUSTING A WALNUT GROVE WITH A NICOTINE MIXTURE TO DESTROY APHIS, CODLIN MOTH AND RED SPIDER.

**A**FTER an absence of seventy years the English walnut, which migrated from France to the United States about the year 1849, is now returning to England a changed nut in almost every way—even in name, for it is now known as the California walnut, probably because the fifteen million dollar crop which it produces there each year indicates that California is the place where Nature intended it to attain its greatest productivity.

For upwards of twenty-five years the State and Government experimental stations in California have been bending every effort to improve walnut stock, until to-day they have what is admittedly the best walnut in the world, and this should be of interest to English people, for they know good walnuts when they see them.

California went about the production of good walnuts in the right way, and it was but natural that by bud selection and careful culture she should produce a nut known as the Eureka. By a process of stock improvement the Santa Barbara Soft Shell and the Placentia varieties were also developed. These types, known as "budded" nuts, stand to-day as the world's best walnuts. Stocks of these varieties are being ordered by planters in lands as far distant as Australia and New Zealand, and considerable budded walnut stock has already been introduced into England from Southern California. The superiority of California budded walnuts is questioned by no authority on the subject. The fact is universally admitted.

Some idea of the greatness of the walnut business in California may be gained from the fact that last year's crop



TO SHAKE DOWN THE WALNUTS LONG POLES WITH PADDED HOOKS ARE USED.





A MACHINE WHICH CRACKS FIFTEEN TONS OF WALNUTS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

amounted to not less than fifty million pounds. The yield is the heaviest in the history of the industry by at least twelve million pounds, and its estimated selling value is about fifteen million dollars.

This was due to a uniform and heavy setting of nuts. Instead of bunching up in clusters of from three to twenty-five on certain parts of the trees, as walnuts usually do, they last year scattered out evenly and set in ones, twos and threes, widely distributed over the trees.

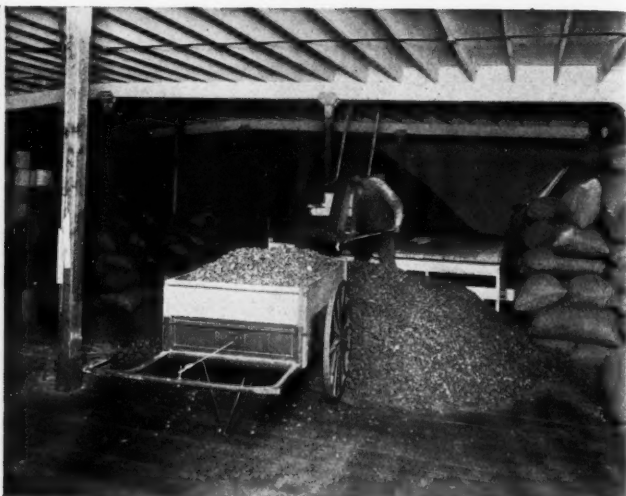
Exceptionally careful methods of culture also assisted largely in bringing forth last year's bumper crop. Facing a production cost almost double what it was before the War, walnut growers resorted to the most scientific methods of cultivation and care, with the result that their trees carried a truly wonderful crop.

The customary June drop, which generally causes a serious falling off of young sets each season, was scarcely noticeable last year. Hot weather did not seem seriously to hurt the trees. The ranchers controlled walnut aphids and codlin worm by the application of recently perfected dusting powders to the trees, and they overcame the unusual dryness of the soil by liberal applications of irrigation water. The production of the year before was sold out long before last year's crop was visible, and that sold at a marvellous speed, the whole world seeming to be hungry for California walnuts.

Having organised themselves into a non-profit marketing organisation of more than three thousand members, representing more than eighty per cent. of the walnut acreage of the State, the California walnut growers, through the California Walnut Growers' Association, have built a wonderful business out of what was a chaotic enterprise eight years ago. They used to sell their crop hit or miss, and they always missed. Now they do a fifteen million dollar business at a selling cost of three per cent.—a record probably not equalled by any other business organisation in the world.

The California Walnut Growers' Association maintains at a cost of ten thousand dollars per year a field department which devotes all of its time to the improvement of cultural conditions. This has in recent years improved the quality of the crops to a remarkable degree. During the past season its activity in the matter of getting the growers to dust their groves for the eradication of walnut aphids and codlin worm resulted in a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of walnuts and at the same time eliminated the worm, thus making the crop a great deal more desirable from the consumer's point of view.

Along with its other activities the Association maintains a foreign business office in France, and yet the total expense of conducting this fifteen million dollar enterprise amounts to less than three per cent. of the



REMOVING HEAPS OF WALNUT SHELLS FROM THE TAILINGS THRESHER.

gross returns. There is probably not another business organisation in the United States, and perhaps there is not another in the world, which is able to take a product direct from the soil and dispose of it at a satisfactory price, returning practically ninety-seven cents out of every dollar to the grower. This is a magnificent example of the splendid results which Californians have obtained through co-operative marketing.

One of the biggest problems that confronted the Association after it was organised in 1912 was that of taking the "cull" walnut off the market. At that time culls were being sold by walnut growers in California at from three to five cents per pound. The grower usually disposed of them locally to peddlers and they were heaped up in the market, "topped" with a few high-grade walnuts, and sold at good prices. To-day the cull walnut is a thing apart from the regular pack of high-grade walnuts, and yet it is an exceedingly profitable product. It now brings no less than twelve cents per pound, and from culls alone the Association now makes sales amounting to from five hundred thousand dollars to one million dollars a year.

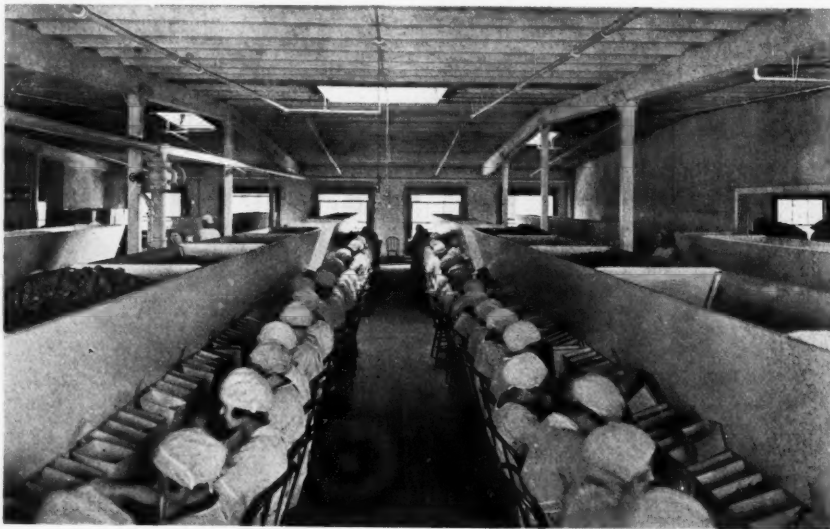
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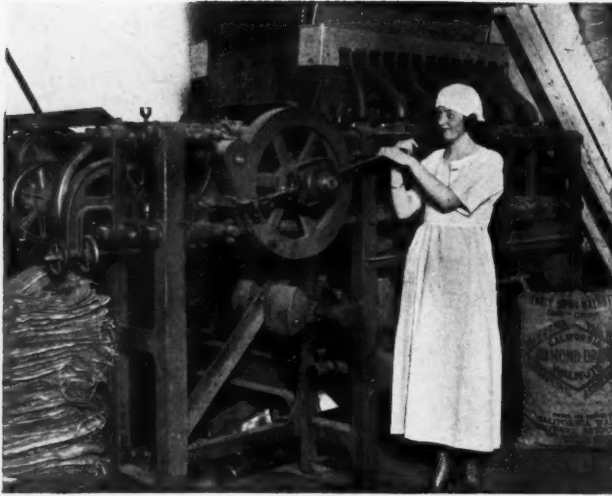
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A MACHINE WHICH CRACKS FIFTEEN TONS OF WALNUTS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

amounted to not less than fifty million pounds. The yield is the heaviest in the history of the industry by at least twelve million pounds, and its estimated selling value is about fifteen million dollars.

This was due to a uniform and heavy setting of nuts. Instead of bunching up in clusters of from three to twenty-five on certain parts of the trees, as walnuts usually do, they last year scattered out evenly and set in ones, twos and threes, widely distributed over the trees.

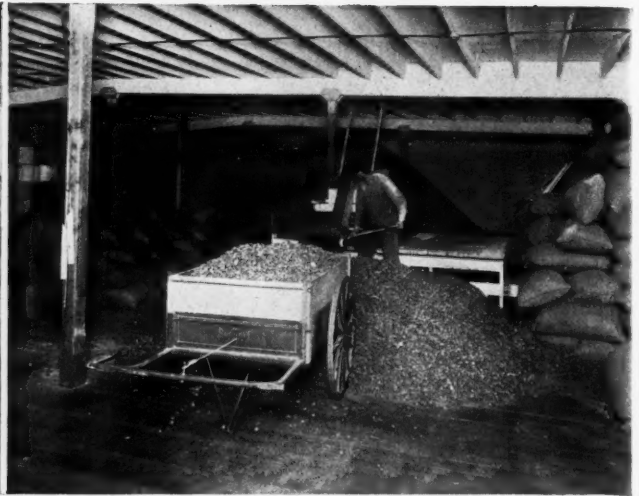
Exceptionally careful methods of culture also assisted largely in bringing forth last year's bumper crop. Facing a production cost almost double what it was before the War, walnut growers resorted to the most scientific methods of cultivation and care, with the result that their trees carried a truly wonderful crop.

The customary June drop, which generally causes a serious falling off of young sets each season, was scarcely noticeable last year. Hot weather did not seem seriously to hurt the trees. The ranchers controlled walnut aphid and codlin worm by the application of recently perfected dusting powders to the trees, and they overcame the unusual dryness of the soil by liberal applications of irrigation water. The production of the year before was sold out long before last year's crop was visible, and that sold at a marvellous speed, the whole world seeming to be hungry for California walnuts.

Having organised themselves into a non-profit marketing organisation of more than three thousand members, representing more than eighty per cent. of the walnut acreage of the State, the California walnut growers, through the California Walnut Growers' Association, have built a wonderful business out of what was a chaotic enterprise eight years ago. They used to sell their crop hit or miss, and they always missed. Now they do a fifteen million dollar business at a selling cost of three per cent.—a record probably not equalled by any other business organisation in the world.

The California Walnut Growers' Association maintains at a cost of ten thousand dollars per year a field department which devotes all of its time to the improvement of cultural conditions. This has in recent years improved the quality of the crops to a remarkable degree. During the past season its activity in the matter of getting the growers to dust their groves for the eradication of walnut aphid and codlin worm resulted in a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of walnuts and at the same time eliminated the worm, thus making the crop a great deal more desirable from the consumer's point of view.

Along with its other activities the Association maintains a foreign business office in France, and yet the total expense of conducting this fifteen million dollar enterprise amounts to less than three per cent. of the



REMOVING HEAPS OF WALNUT SHELLS FROM THE TAILINGS THRESHER.

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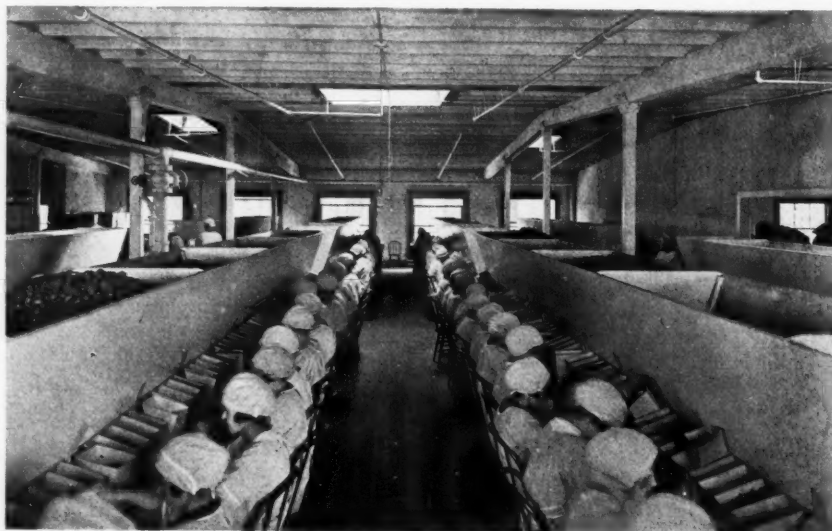
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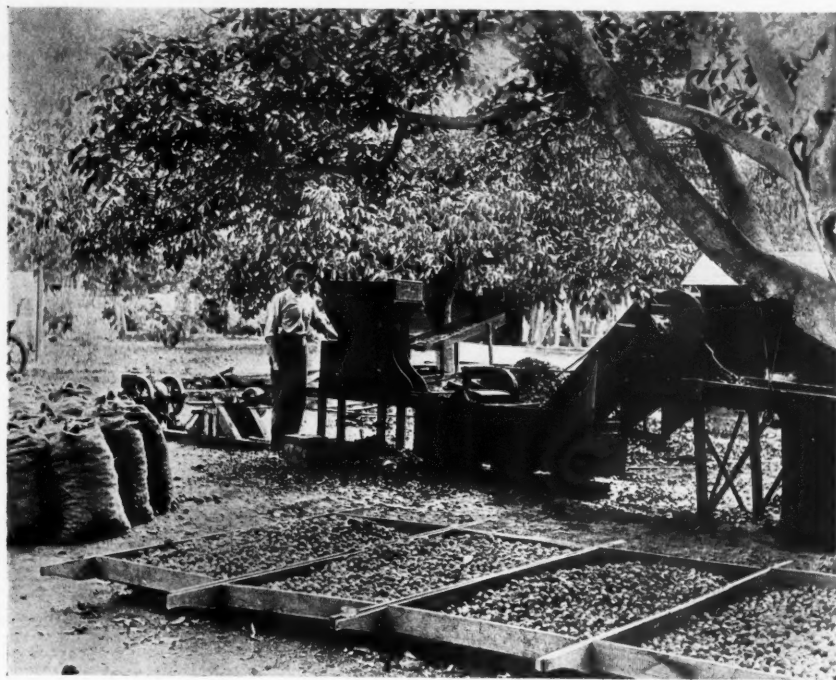


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for six months. It was a bright day, and we jingled along towards St. Servan over the cobble stones with our heads out of the window. As we rolled through the town and were emerging on a country road we passed a thing that set my imagination in a flame; a common enough sight, but one which never palled upon me afterwards. This was the stone entrance to a convent, wreathed about and dripping with the long blooms of an ancient wistaria. The gate between the posts was half smothered by its luxuriance, and above, with a lantern at its feet, a little plain plaster figure of the Madonna looked down from a niche. I had never seen a wistaria in my life, and it became for me then, as it remains now, a magical thing, a part of the very soul of poetry.

At last, after a short drive which seemed interminable, we turned into the lime-bordered approach to the manor house and drew up outside the wall which went all round it. We could see nothing but its roof and the great bell standing on it under a little domed canopy. Then the wings of the green doors were opened and in we drove.

I think it would be hard to find a more fascinating place than La Petite Motte. It had so many attributes. It was homely and stately, both at once; the latter, perhaps, because of its simplicity, and though it was small, it had room for all with which a child's fancy might people it. There were corners dark enough for mystery, windows high enough in the roof for us to look out over the boundaries of its domain and see snatches of the foreign world of which we knew so little. On the roof, the bell was there in its iron pagoda, suggestive of everything romantic—of curfew, alarms, dangers, the summons to desperate deeds. The house was whitewashed, square, steep-roofed, with a glass-panelled entrance door approached by two or three stone steps; for its real protection was the outer wall shutting in the whole domain. Once the solid, faded green gates at the house end of the lime avenue were barred, only the passing bird might cast an eye on what was inside it. Entering the glass door you stepped straight into the dining-room, which, like every other room in the house, had a parquet floor, and if the garden door at its further end stood wide, you could see through to the garden, which was reached by a French window giving on to similar steps. The kitchen opened on the right of the dining-room; the drawing-room on the left. The house belonged to someone called by our *bonne* "Madame la Comtesse"—I never heard her name—and though she had not left a single trace of her occupation, that drawing-room was full of her. Looking-glasses were there, polished floors, emptiness, rows of gilt chairs with their backs to the walls. We seldom went into it except on Sundays, and the principal memory I have of it is the picture of my mother sitting on the sofa while Monsieur R., the lawyer, a dapper, fattish gentleman with a waxed moustache, sat on a gilt chair with his top hat at his feet, paying his respects to her with an expression of such gallantry on his face as I have never since beheld on any other.

From the tiny lobby at the garden side a lovely semi-circular flight of parquet stairs ran up on either hand to the landing where the best bedrooms were with our schoolroom in the centre. In this last Mlle. Bonifacio, in her chenille hair-net (who came daily from St. Servan), dragged us through our French grammar and through a long list of Merovingian and other kings—dreadful-looking men with crowns and forked beards—whose portraits in small medallions disfigured our history book. When a paragraph had to be learned by heart Mlle. Bonifacio would mark it off with her immensely long, acutely pointed fingernail, which she used as though it were a pencil. On the wall a life-sized copy of Guido's St. Sebastian, his plump body full of arrows, presided over our more modern martyrdom. I think Mme. la Comtesse must have used this room as an oratory, for its sole furniture was a table and a few severe-looking chairs. In the attic storey above were our bedrooms and those of the servants, but I can recall nothing of the nursery but the pattern of Reckitts' blue primroses on the wallpaper. At every window and door from kitchen to garret the scent came in of the clove-pinks in the garden.

That garden was a paradise. It ran in an oblong, straight away from the house. At its far end on the right was a column-shaped myrtle bush, a mass of stars in the angle of the wall; on the left, matching it, was a stucco arbour containing a shrine; between them the central garden walk ran towards the house, densely bordered with clove-pinks, white and pale rose; a pathway of intoxicating scent in the burning sun, that seemed always to shine. In spite of the Merovingian kings, there were not many drawbacks to our happiness. The *bonne's* father, an old man of eighty, with linen trousers and no teeth, was the gardener; and though he took snuff and muttered abuse from morning till night, we liked and revered him. Albertine, his granddaughter, was our playfellow, and so was a young goat with horns just sprouting. We ran races (including the goat, which was

as clever as a dog), we wore *sabots*, we walked on stilts, we made houses with branches in a patch of shrubbery. On Sunday we walked or drove to the small English church in St. Servan; but we liked walking best, because the fruiterer's wife who lived at the entrance to the town would emerge from her cavernous shop and give us ripe Jargonel pears as we passed.

Our French did not get on too badly; we liked Mlle. Bonifacio; she was a gentle, pleasant woman and she shared many of our pleasures. The person we could not endure was Josephine, the nurserymaid, for she had a pudding face, and though she could not have been less than five and thirty, she greeted every difficulty in life with a burst of tears. To my brother, specially, this was a great temptation. I remember standing with him one day looking through the open kitchen window to where Josephine and the *bonne* were talking. He gazed fixedly at Josephine and "*âne*," he said firmly. The corners of her fat mouth went down, but that was all. "*Double-âne*," he added slowly. It was as though the cord of a shower-bath had been pulled.

There were two vehicles which played a very great part in our lives. One was the donkey-cart of a neighbouring rope-maker, which was chartered by my mother and was in attendance nearly every day in the week. It was like the ubiquitous "asses' drive" of Ireland, a tiny, springless farm cart, though there was no fixed seat across it and all the occupants sat on the floor. The donkey was a good trotter and took us on most days to the bathing place at St. Servan, and we two elder children drove it in turns. The cart would often contain us all three, besides our mother, our cousin, our governess and Mlle. Bonifacio; Robert, in full livery, was frequently there, too, though I cannot remember what part he played. I can only suppose that he ran behind. The last part of our journey was generally exciting, for the road narrowed as we neared the shore and we would reach this point at the same time as a convent school which was arriving on a like errand. As there were never enough bathing machines to go round, the position would become acute, and the nuns would break into a trot, urging on their double line of pupils, while we, in response, smote the donkey in a rush for the beach. Reverend, stout figures pounded through the dust, decorous little French girls squealed, the wheels rolled and we were all nearly shaken to pieces; once, the donkey brayed deafeningly as we went, and my mother, who seemed to feel this keenly, almost forbade us to race again. A far more imposing conveyance was the huge carriage which took us out on our Thursday half-holidays or to church in wet weather. This was the property of one M. Chauvel and was hired from St. Servan. It was, as the owner loved to inform us, of the best English make, having been built in Sharsee (Jersey), and it attended funerals, weddings and other notable events. I am at a loss to describe it properly, as I have never seen anything much resembling it in real life. I can only say that, when closed, it towered above one like the hull of some monstrous vessel seen from a cockboat. Immense folding steps led into its interior; the box-seat seemed to be in the clouds, and it was lined with a lively red and grey chintz, voluminous curtains of which veiled the windows and flew waving and flapping out of them when the wind blew. I remember that they were very useful because of the dust of the white Breton roads. In my mind I have always called this vehicle a *berline*. The pair that drew it were named, respectively, François and Bichette, though to call them a "pair" was to pay them an ill deserved compliment. François was black and as gaunt as Rosinante, standing a good 16h., and Bichette was small and white; but in spite of this and of the fact that the harness carried bells and was mended in many places with rope, the whole turn-out seemed to be taken quite seriously by the passers-by. Chauvel, indeed, was a very serious person, so polite that he would stand with his hat against his chest whenever my mother spoke to him. He was black-whiskered and terribly thin, and I know that she was careful, on picnic days, to see that he had a liberal share of our feast. Not long after we had left Brittany for good we heard that he had died of consumption. He was, however, extremely energetic. He would pass through villages like a very tempest, shouting aloud to his horses—he always addressed them by name—cracking his long whip and often standing up, his blue smock billowing out behind him with the wind of our progress and the chintz curtains waving like flags from the windows. The last incongruity was added when the liveried and cocked Robert sat beside him.

I wish I could recall more of these two summers; but a child's mind thinks mostly in pictures, and I can only look back at the peepshow of colours and figures, mere illustrations to my book of youth; at the white, secluded manor house behind its weather-stained gates, which is the background to them all, bathed in the scent of the pale pink and white clove-pinks, intense and hot with the sun of France.



# PHOTOGRAPHING the CARRION CROW

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT

WE are told in "A Catechism of Ornithology," by W. Greatheed Lewis (1835), that "The Crow resembles the Raven in shape, appetites and manners. It is about eighteen inches long, and the expansion of its wings is upwards of two feet. Its colour is well known, and its habits are extremely disgusting." It is a little difficult to know why the habits of this particular bird should be so exceptionally unpleasant, unless, indeed, it is because he loves to feed upon the carcase of some other bird or animal. Yet in this respect he is by no means unique; all of his tribe—rooks, magpies, jays and jackdaws are very partial to a chance meal from the body of a fallen neighbour, and even the dainty kestrel is not above feasting upon a departed rabbit or mouse.

We are inclined—and rightly, too—to look upon the rook as a bird of extraordinary discernment, but compared to the crow the rook is an innocent babe; and when the writer

set out a few days ago to secure photographs of the adult crow at her nest, he did so with the full knowledge that past experiences with hawks, herons and rooks would, although replete with lessons of the utmost value, prove to have been comparatively plain-sailing, and that he must be prepared to stick inexorably to his purpose.

The crow's nest, selected from the many that were discovered in the district, happened to be built in the upper branches of one of a row of elm trees overlooking the marshes on one side and a wide expanse of arable land away to the uplands on the other, so that to approach unseen to within less than half a mile of the place was impossible. It might seem strange that a nest in such a situation should have been chosen, particularly as the height at which it was built made an unusual amount of climbing necessary. There are two reasons why this particular nest was selected—first, because it was eminently satisfactorily placed from the pictorial point of view, a most important reason;



THE CARRION CROW AT HER NEST.





FLYING HOME.

and secondly, because it was in a position and at an elevation that could not be reached by the ordinary inquisitive school or farm boy. So it was that this particular nest which contained half-grown young ones was eventually selected. The first move, as is invariably the case upon such an occasion, was to climb the tree and to fix a dummy camera (consisting of an old tin wrapped in sacking) to some branch at a point from which the best view of the nest and its surroundings might subsequently be obtained.

The dummy camera having been duly fixed in position, the photographer and his comrades withdrew to the distant sky line and thence watched with a pair of binoculars to see if the parent crows would return to their charges. They, however, soon tired of this, for, though the crows sat composedly enough on the topmost twig of a dead elm close by, they obstinately refused to go on to the nest.

On the following day a further watch was kept, and both of the crows were seen to make frequent and confident visits to their young, in spite of the fact that a piece of loose sacking hung from the dummy camera and flapped in the breeze.

And so, after a lapse of four days, a fine June morning finds the writer endeavouring to fix the camera to the branch from which the dummy has been removed. And, although to fix the camera in its place may sound a simple enough operation, it takes, as a matter of fact, the best part of an hour. It is most annoying to find when it is first securely in position that owing to a projecting branch it is impossible to focus, and, in consequence, the whole work has to be done over again.

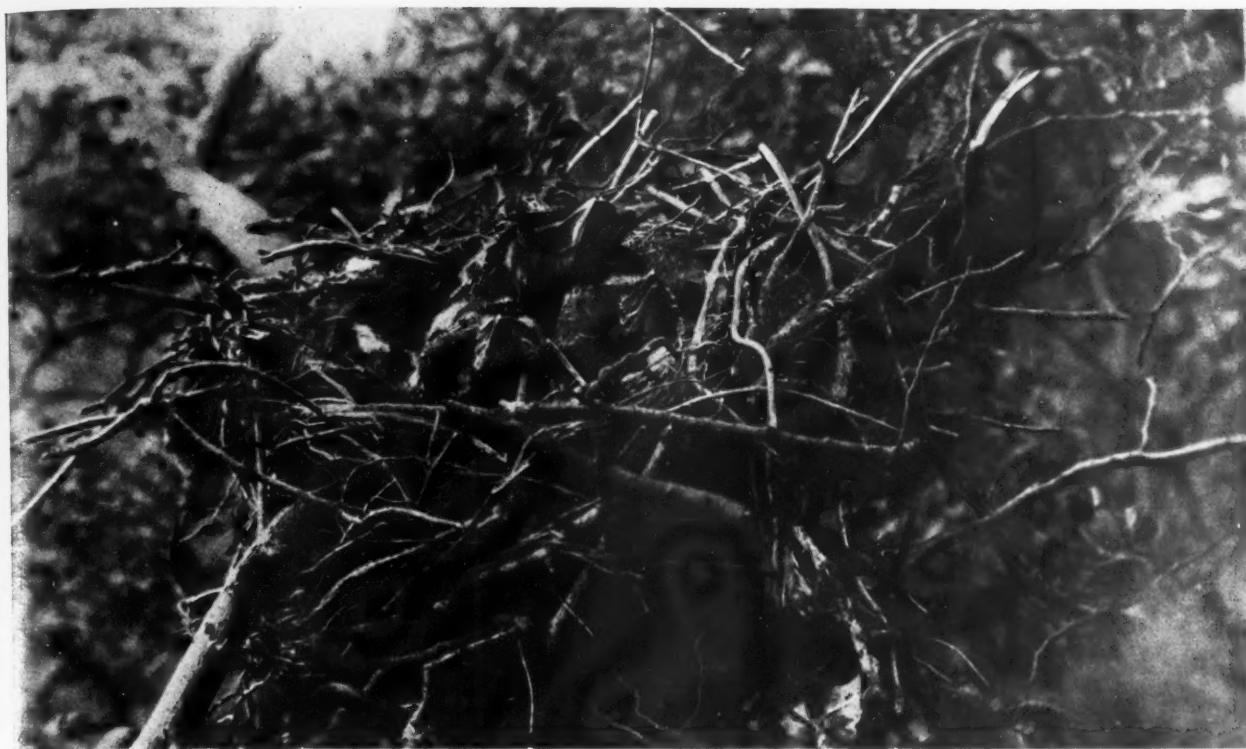
At length the camera really is fixed correctly, and a couple of exposures are made on the gaping young crows, which, like all young animals, seem to be in a state of ceaseless hunger. And then the shutter is set and the dark slide withdrawn for the *real* test. The photographer descends, perspiring but hopeful, to earth, and with the line from the shutter in his hand walks towards the shelter under the dead elm, which his comrades have been building in the meantime, and they move away with a great deal of hat-waving and shouting.

All this is, of course, intended to delude the crows into believing that everyone has gone; but nearly an hour passes before one of them puts in an appearance. Coming from apparently nowhere, she suddenly swings up, on outstretched wings, to her favourite perch on the top of the dead elm; from the shelter she can be plainly seen, and with her powerful, curved bill and thick, glossy neck, she looks exactly like a miniature raven. At last she seems to have decided that things are normal, for she suddenly drops from her perch to within six feet of the ground and sneaks—if flying at such an altitude can be so described—towards the foot of her own tree. Then of a sudden she swings upwards and lands with incredible ease and a flick of wing on the edge of her nest.

Now for a photograph of the carrion crow feeding her young! The first of its kind! She is hard at work stuffing food into the gaping mouths around her, and with trembling hands the photographer pulls the string. For a second the crow's head is raised—suspicious, immovable—the next she is gone . . . The shutter has not worked.



CONSUMING A DEPARTED NEIGHBOUR.



THE YOUNG CROWS SEEM TO BE IN A STATE OF CEASELESS HUNGER.

Our photographer, looking up from his shelter, then realises that he had forgotten to pull in the slack string, which, as it was tightened, had caught the eye of the watchful crow and caused her sudden departure. So the string is pulled taut, and the coming of the crow once again awaited. Once again she comes into her dead tree, and once more swings on to her nest, and yet once more the string is pulled—in vain. This time it had become entangled in a little branch, which, moving as it was pulled, caused a second unexpected departure of the crow.

With a sigh of resignation our photographer climbs the tree, disentangles the string, resets the shutter (which had become released too late), and prepares to enter the shelter once more. But high in the air above, and watching his every movement, the old crows are soaring. Clearly he must resort to some subterfuge to outwit them, and accordingly, when they have settled out on the marsh, he crawls through a field of standing corn to the back of the shelter, and is about to enter it when, glancing sideways, he sees, to his chagrin, both of the crows seated upon distant poles and watching his amateurish antics.

At last, however, the moment arrives when the string, unhindered by anything, does its work well, and the accompanying picture of a carrion crow at her nest is the result. The author regrets there are no others.

The crow not infrequently selects materials with which to construct its nest that may seem to the uninitiated to be, at least, somewhat extraordinary. One of the accompanying photographs shows a dismembered nest, which includes the skeleton of a rabbit, several breast, wing and leg bones of pheasants and pigeons, some long lengths of rag and a great deal of string.



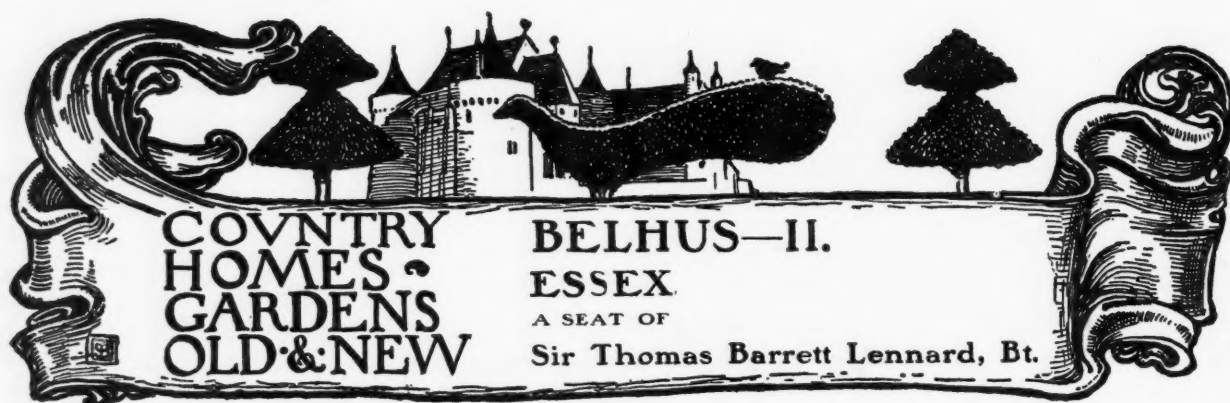
THE MATERIAL OF A NEST.

In conclusion, a further quotation from the "Catechism of Ornithology" may be of interest (and use) to the readers of these lines: "... these birds are caught by a very singular expedient. A crow is fastened alive on its back, firmly to the ground, by means of a brace on each side, at the origin of the wings. The screams which it utters on this position draws together the rest of its species from all quarters, and the prisoner, grasping at every thing within reach, seizes with its bill and claws all that come near him, and thus delivers them a prey to the bird catcher."



A CARRION CROW.





**T**HOMAS BARRETT had married Anne Pratt, sister to Lord Chancellor Camden, and Barbara, the only child of the match, was the apple of his eye. She was in her tenth year in March, 1749, when she was struck down by a fever. In the excellent volume of Sanderson Miller's Memoirs and Letters which Mary Stanton and Lilian Dickins brought out in 1910, we find a mutual friend writing to Miller:

I am just returned from poor Barret who talks of going with Mrs. Barret to Italy. England has at present no Attractions for them, for that charming little girl (who had not one jarring atom in her composition) was on Sunday last snatched from her inconsolable Parents by a Stroke so sudden that it scarce allowed them time even to hope for her Recovery.

Change of scene and climate soon brought recovery of spirits, and a year later Barrett apologises to Miller for not answering letters on the grounds that since reaching Rome he had never had an hour's leisure, "so much have we been taken up in running up and down to see the curiosities and antiquities here." When he returned to England the Belhus alterations are resumed, and he writes to Miller at the close of 1751:

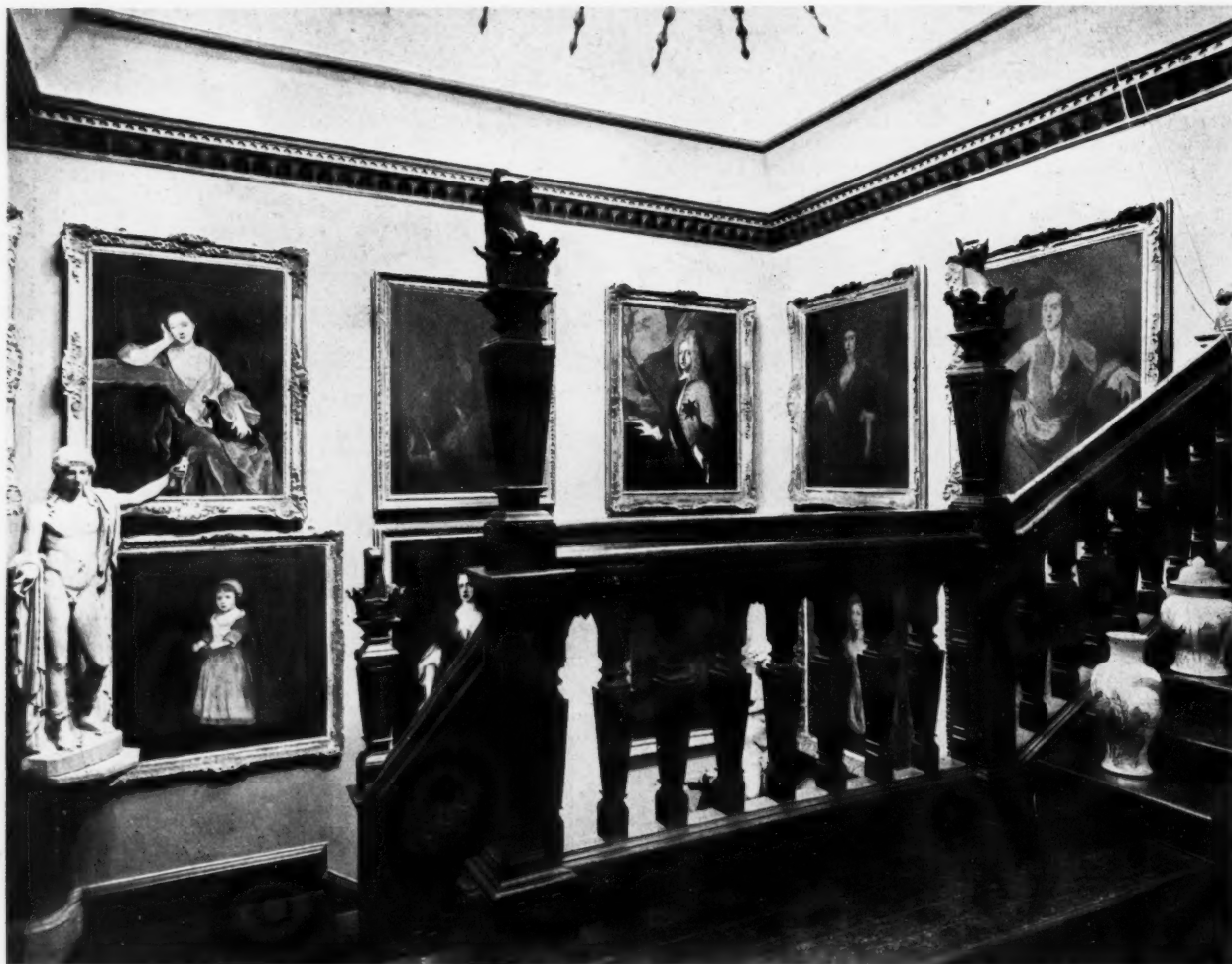
You may imagine that after so long an absence we are fallen very hard to work again and have many irons in the fire; and indeed

we should have had more (for I would have fitted up my great Eating Room formerly the Hall) if my Architect had not made me what in my opinion was too dear an estimate which has caused me to demur for the present. In the spring, however, I am determined to do something in this business and hope before I begin upon anything to have the benefit of your advice and directions which I stand in great need of.

In the following March work was in full swing, Miller assisting with designs and estimates and even in the provision of workmen. He fails, however, to find "the man who was to carve the Coats of Arms" that were to ornament the dining-room ceiling, which is therefore "left plain with only a kind of ribbon running along the Beams which lightens them a good deal." The beams (Fig. 3) have all the appearance of being the originals of Henry VIII date, with nothing wrong about them except the "ribbon," which disturbs the line of the mouldings. However, they please the owner, who writes in June to his coadjutor:

The Room is now almost quite completed and will look extremely well: and as I intend to paint it only with size for the present, I hope it will not be long before we shall dine in it together. The Chimney is according to your Plan.

The "chimney" is quite in the approved Gothic taste, and not an Ionic "miscarriage," as in the north drawing-room, which



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1.—THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Built by Lord Dacre about 1745 in imitation of the Jacobean style. Many of the family pictures which he collected hang on the walls.





Copyright.

2.—IN THE UPSTAIRS DRAWING-ROOM, ABOVE THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was undertaken the following year, and which, as noted last week, Horace Walpole adversely criticised after his visit in 1754. He then found the dining-room hung with "good family portraits," which are still there. With only a small nucleus of family portraits, Thomas Barrett managed to acquire the very fine collection of them which are there to-day. Some of these he got given or left to him by his relatives; and others he obtained by purchase. His successors have kept up this

daughter of Lord Bayning, who brought him a portion of £20,000 when he married her in 1641 at the age of sixteen. Francis was the son of the rebuilders of Chevening and the elder half-brother of Richard Barrett, the inheritor of Belhus. As one of the Parliamentary peers, the civil broils left him undisturbed at Herstonceux, which he made his principal home. On the chimney-piece side of the Belhus dining-room hang two great full length portraits, by Cornelius De Vos, of Francis'



Copyright.

### 3.—LORD DACRE'S "EATING ROOM."

"COUNTRY LIFE."

It is the original hall to the left of the old entrance tower. The bay window was moved to the centre of the room. The original position is shown in the 1710 picture.

collection to the present day, and as a result there is now at Belhus a series of portraits of each Lennard in turn head of his house since John Lennard, and each Barrett since Edward, Lord Newburgh, besides in most cases portraits of their respective wives, and not infrequently of collateral relatives.

Over the dining-room chimney-piece Francis, fourteenth Lord Dacre, is seen holding the hand of his wife Elizabeth,

grandfather and grandmother. Henry Lennard was the first of his family to bear the Dacre title, which his mother had claimed on the death of her brother, as related when Chevening was our theme. His portrait is seen in the illustration of the room, but his wife is separately given (Fig. 7). She was a Kentish woman—Chrysogona, daughter of Sir Richard Baker of Sissinghurst, a great Elizabethan house that has now disappeared. She is

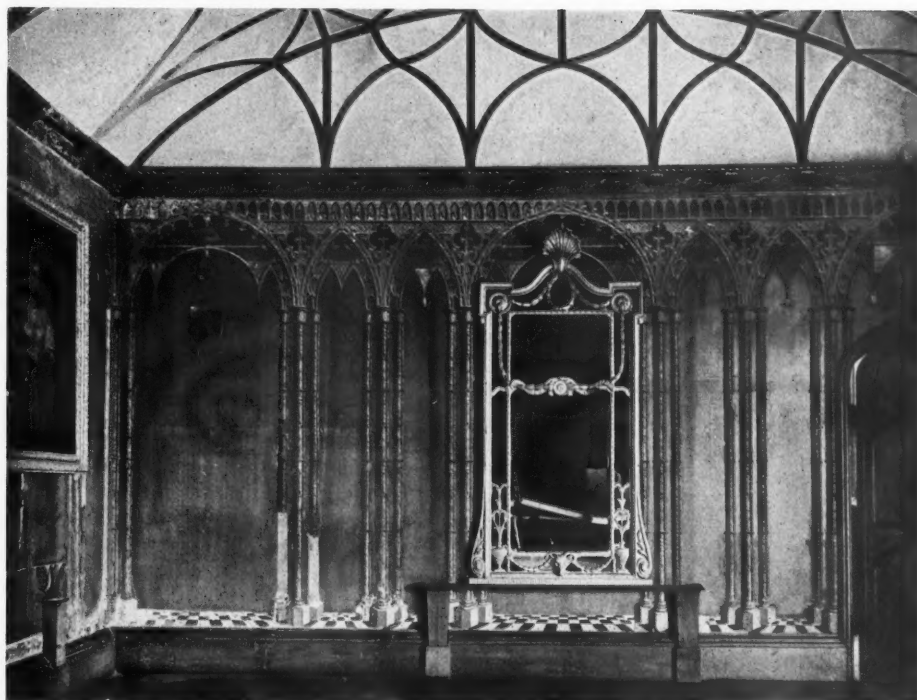


gorgeously dressed. The skirt and bodice are of pale silk sprinkled with roses, tulips and other flowers. Over them is worn a gown of dark velvet, braided and embroidered with gold. Strings of pearls are round the wrists and arms and thrown over the shoulders below the lace collar.

Over the sideboard the Gothicism of Belhus himself appears (Fig. 10). He and his wife are both gazing at their dead child, for the picture was painted by Battoni when they were at Rome recovering from their loss. Before Barbara's death she had sat to Hudson, and the portrait (Fig. 8), was sent out to Rome, so that Battoni might correctly delineate her in the family group. Battoni was the favourite portrait painter of all English people visiting Rome, and we have lately seen his picture of Louisa Grenville, as a child—many years before she became the third Earl Stanhope's second wife.

The staircase which Thomas Barrett was "resolved to fit up" in 1745 was built as an excrescence in the courtyard behind the dining-room. It is another example of what Horace Walpole called "good King James the first Gothic," and, considering its date, comes really fairly close to Jacobean proportions and details (Fig. 1). Here again the walls are hung with family portraits, of which the most charming represents Thomas Barrett's maternal grandmother as a child (Fig. 9). She was Anne Palmer or Fitzroy, daughter of Charles II by the Castlemaine, whose by no means equable married life with the Earl of Sussex we peeped at a month ago. Their daughter Anne, Dacre Barrett's hated Catholic daughter-in-law, had the Dacre barony called out of abeyance in her favour on her sister's death, and when she herself passed away in 1755 her son Thomas Barrett became seventeenth Lord Dacre. As such he signs a letter to Sanderson Miller the following year telling him that he had taken "Capability" Brown down to Belhus to advise him about plantations. Three years later further alterations, both within and without Belhus, are mentioned to the same correspondent, after the usual allusions to ill-health:

In the state I am in you will perhaps think me a Bold man to begin such a great work as I am going to mention to you: and yet should I not Live to enjoy it perfected: it will so far as I go on with it be an amusement to my mind and a Temptation to me to use Exercise. In a word then, I have had Brown down with me at Belhouse and am going to make a Pool where now the run of water is, in the lower part of my Park: its size will be about ten



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4.—A SIDE OF THE UPSTAIRS DRAWING-ROOM. "COUNTRY LIFE."  
The "Gothick" papering is such as Horace Walpole and his friends revelled in.



Copyright.

5.—AN UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR. "COUNTRY LIFE."  
The six finely carved frames contain views of Naples, no doubt acquired by Lord Dacre when in Italy in 1750.





6.—TRIPTYCH IN ONE OF THE BEDROOMS.

acres: its Form very irregular and 'twill be a quarter of a mile long. Brown, and indeed my own little Judgement, tells me that it will be a very great ornament to that side of the Park and quite change the Face of it: By what I have said you will immediately conceive that all the rushy part of Burnstead Mead will be converted into water: and that the Black moory soil will be taken away till we come to the parts of the meadow that rise and where the soil is gravel.

Now I am talking of these things I desire that you will see the man who painted the arms and pay him, not what he asks, for that I think is unreasonable and to convince you of it I enclose you a Bill for the same sort of Work I paid to a man this morning, a London Coach Painter.

The shields, which had failed for the dining-room, had been obtained in large numbers for Lady Dacre's room upstairs, where they run round the frieze and also fill the diamond-shaped spaces in the ceiling formed by an interlaced rope ornament of the same kind as in the downstairs north room. Just as the old hall became the new "eating room," so did the great chamber above it receive new Gothic treatment and become the principal drawing-room (Fig. 2). The chimneypiece is a very pleasing interpretation of the Jacobean, while on the walls canvas was stretched and painted to resemble oak, and on it was pasted a cut-out paper design of the most "compleat Gothick" which Dacre and Miller, Walpole and Chute could possibly devise and delight in (Fig. 4).

Means evidently did not admit of very expensive decorative schemes or large works, but enough went on to keep Lord Dacre interested and amused, and the quarter of a mile of water, if too costly to

create in reality, was a source of much thought and planning. All this we learn from the last of Lord Dacre's letters to Miller given to us in Mrs. Stanton's book, and dating from 1761.

You will find the Place, if not much altered since you was there; yet a good deal improved, by the Turff being got older and consequently smoother and greener and by the Shrubberys being now in good measure come to perfection. My Breakfast Room too has been entirely new fitted up and somewhat enlarged in a manner I flatter myself you will not disapprove of. I have a number of Expenses on me this year and yet I doubt whether I shall have prudence enough to abstain from Meddling with my water in the lower part of the Park; the truth is that I never ride that way without longing to do something there; as I know that that coarse meadow and moory sided canal might be converted into a very pleasing scene: And Brown is of the same opinion: we have now another Scheme for it of much less (tho' still a good deal) of Expence; it is to make it in the River Stile instead of the Lake.

Lord Dacre's family and antiquarian and family interest made him greatly regret the loss of Herstmonceux, which his grandfather, the Earl of Sussex, had lost through extravagance. When the new owners decided to abandon the old fabric Lord Dacre succeeded in acquiring some of the fifteenth century glass roundels with Fynes heraldry and foliage, and they are preserved in the windows of the south tower. Much of the furniture and fittings, however, now at Belhus were introduced there, not by him, but by his descendants, as to whom the following note is supplied by Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard:

Lord Dacre had an illegitimate son and a daughter, who



7.—FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT OF CHRYSOGONA, WIFE OF THE 12TH LORD DACRE.

By Cornelius de Vos.



8.—PORTRAIT OF BARBARA, DAUGHTER OF THOMAS BARRETT.

Painted by Hudson before her death in 1749, and sent to Rome for Battoni to paint her in the group.

were adopted by Lady Dacre, and no mother could have been kinder to her own children than was Lady Dacre to the offspring of her husband, and judging from her miniature, pretty Elizabeth Fitz Thomas. These children were brought up at Belhus, and the son, named Thomas after his father, was educated at Harrow and Oxford. Lord Dacre died in 1786, leaving all his estates to Thomas, providing his conduct was such as to meet with the approval of Lady Dacre. Thomas raised a troop of horse when Napoleon was threatening England with invasion, and as a reward for his services was in 1801 created a baronet. He represented the South Division of Essex in the Parliament of 1832 and died in 1857 at the advanced age of over 95. His eldest son Thomas died in 1856, a year before his father; he spent most of his life in politics as a Whig. He stood for Monaghan in 1813 when only 25 years of age; he was elected for Ipswich in 1820, after one of the most strenuous elections that ever took place for that borough. For the rest of



9.—PORTRAIT OF ANNE FITZROY, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES II AND THE DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

She married Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex, and was grandmother to Thomas Barrett, Lord Dacre.

his life he transferred his political activities to the borough of Maldon in Essex, where he was elected in 1826, 1830, 1831, 1833, 1835 and 1847, and defeated in 1837, 1841 and 1854. Much of the valuable furniture and tapestries at Belhus came from his house in London, as also the numerous portraits of his second wife and her parents. Sir Thomas was succeeded as second baronet by his grandson Thomas, born December, 1826, and who died in January, 1919, in his 93rd year. He could say that there were only two owners of Belhus between himself and Dacre Barrett, who was born in the time of Cromwell.

Thus when the present baronet succeeded to the title and the family estates he had already reached the age of sixty-six. He had long resided at Horsford Manor, the family estate in Norfolk, and his work and interest in the administration of that county have led him to continue making it his



10.—PORTRAITS OF THOMAS BARRETT, LORD DACRE, AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER

Painted by Battoni when Lord and Lady Dacre were in Rome after the daughter's death.



principal home. But sharing to the full the antiquarian leanings of his ancestor, Lord Dacre, he is full of concern and affection for both the fabric and contents of Belhus, all redolent of the lives and doings of successive Barretts, Lennards, and their connections. Careful repair and maintenance of house and estate have already marked his ownership of them. Having revised and developed Lord Dacre's manuscript history of the family, every brick of Belhus is a story to him. He reads therein the rebuilding of the mediæval house by the Henry VIII lawyer, John Barrett; the extension of the estate by the Charles I statesman, Lord Newburgh; the changes made in the Late Renaissance manner by the second Lennard owner; the Gothic alterations of Lord Dacre; and the great additions of ancient fittings and furniture collected by his grandfather and introduced to Belhus by his father. Of these several pieces are illustrated. The triptych (Fig. 6) was brought by Mr. Thomas Barrett from Flanders and is a very choice and early example of that school. It has been set over a bedroom mantelpiece and flanking panels of the same school added. In another bedroom is a writing cabinet (Fig. 11) of the Empire period. There is also much good English furniture of various



Copyright. 11.—MAHOGANY WRITING CABINET. "C.L."

It is heavily enriched with gilt ormolu in the French Empire style, and is either of French or Italian workmanship. The effect produced, when open, of a great pillared hall is very Italian. Circa 1810.

styles from that of Charles II to that of George III. In the north drawing-room, illustrated last week, there are, besides lacquer-work chests on stands, several examples of Charles II walnut chairs with cane seat and back panel. They have the characteristic broad, carved front stretcher and carved cresting to the back, but one of them (Fig. 12) stands out as not only elaborate in its carving, but unusually delicate in its workmanship. In the dining-room the mahogany sideboard is a very good example of the latter half of the eighteenth century—reserved in ornament, but of fine form and design. One would like to think that it was placed by Lord Dacre in his newly constituted "Eating room," but there appears to be no record of his furnishing and whether this, as well as his building and decoration, was in the Gothic taste. Thus it is equally impossible to trace when the set of walnut chairs, now in the dining-room, reached Belhus. The early form of cabriole leg and the flat, curved stretchers proclaim them of the period of William and Mary. Chair backs were then beginning to be less tall, the centre of the back formed by a carved and perforated splat; but the back was still decidedly higher than in the Belhus set (Fig. 13), which gives the impression of having been cut down when the Georgian powdered wig made the high back inconvenient.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



12.—WALNUT CHAIR WITH CANE SEAT AND BACK PANEL.

A very rich and elegant example of the Charles II style, of which there are several less exceptional at Belhus. Circa 1680.



13.—WALNUT CHAIR, ONE OF A SET IN THE DINING-ROOM

# ANGLO-NUBIAN GOATS—PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

By C. J. DAVIES.



PART OF MRS. REGINALD PEASE'S HERD.

**A**NGLO-NUBIAN goats must surely be the only animals in the world of which pedigrees are collected in a carefully kept section of a Herd Book, yet which are without a standard of points or ideal to breed to, and which have no definite or accepted breed characteristics!

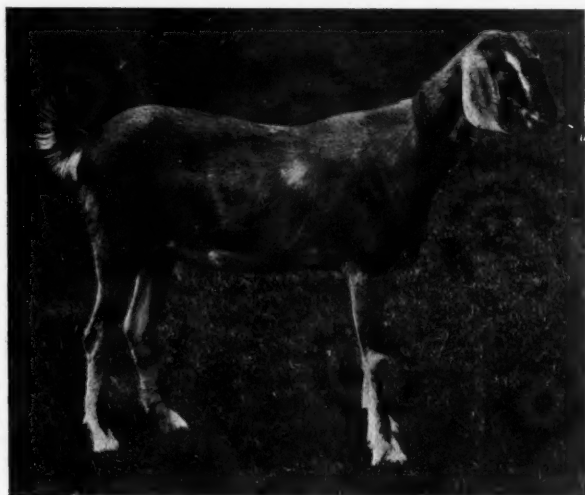
As the name implies, Anglo-Nubian goats originated from crosses of such she-goats as already existed in England with imported sires of the type which is loosely classified as Nubian, although these Roman-nosed, lop-eared creatures are widely spread over the East, and the actual animals most recently used were of the Jumna-pari, Zaraibe and Chitral varieties respectively. The first sire of this sort was imported in 1896, and three more in 1904, and the Anglo-Nubian goat came into being as a distinct entity under this name in the Herd Book of 1897. It was not until 1912, however, that Anglo-Nubians were segregated from the General Section of the Herd Book to a section by themselves, where between 400 and 500 of them were renumbered to form the nucleus of a special breed.

Although the Anglo-Nubian was evolved comparatively recently, there was apparently plenty of "Nubian" blood

already in some of the better classes of goats in England when the Eastern sire arrived in 1896. It has been recorded that at the earliest goat shows the greater proportion of the prize winners were crossbreds between English and Nubian or Abyssinian goats, notable specimens being Polly, the first entry in the Herd Book born in 1877, Duchess born in 1879, as well as Kitty, a winner of prizes in 1883. In 1875 a she-goat described as a Red Persian was exhibited, in 1877 and 1878 Maltese goats figure in the prize list, while in 1879 a female kid described as Indian and English was awarded third prize at the Dairy Show. The following year an Abyssinian he-goat and several foreign she-goats were successfully exhibited, and in 1883 a Nubian male kid named Arabi Pasha made its appearance.

This proves that there was already a substantial foundation of Eastern blood in England prior to the more recent importations of Eastern sires. The latter were mainly required to revivify and intensify already existing characteristics, and that they met with some success is evident even at the present day to anyone who takes the trouble to go to a goat show.

The extraordinary thing to an onlooker is that all this splendid material has never yet been grafted into a distinct



C. Reid.

SHUFFLEWING.

Prizewinner at the Dairy Show.

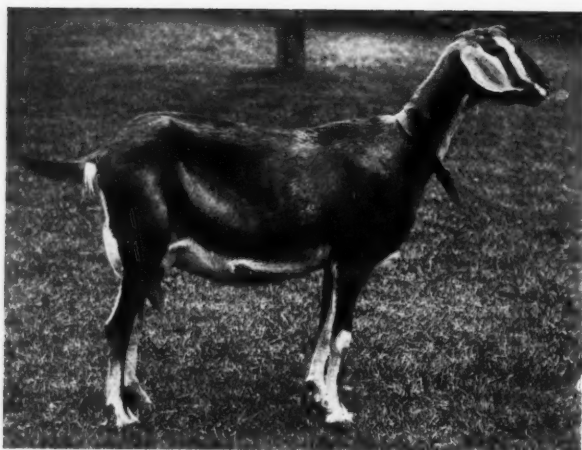


BRAMBLING.

First Prize at the Highland Show,

Copyright.





MAVIS.



CHOUGH.

breed with characteristics adapted to our British requirements. Many, if not most of our best breeds of animals have originated from the crossing of two or more varieties and the subsequent selection of those individuals which most nearly approach a desired standard until a pure-breeding race with distinct characteristics is formed. Granted that the Anglo-Nubian cross was a trifle more drastic than most of those which have been deliberately undertaken in other animals—for the greater the number of differences between two breeds when crossed the greater will be the difficulties of breeders in securing purity of type in subsequent generations—yet there is nothing insurmountable, as is proved by the progress made in recent years. It is surely time that the name Anglo-Nubian conveyed something as definite to the student of breeds as the name, say, British Holstein does in cattle.

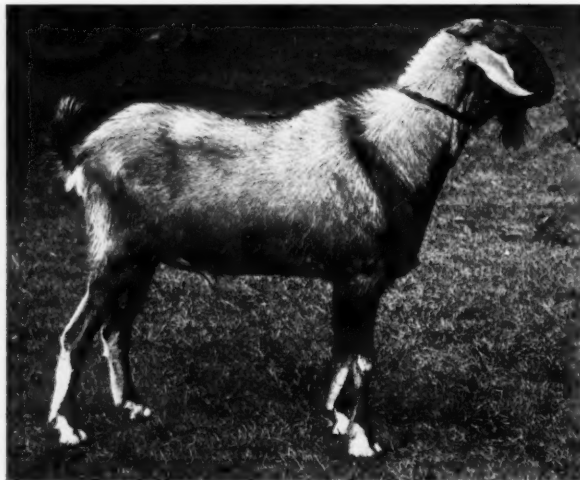
Regulations permitting entries in the Anglo-Nubian section of the Herd Book include one worded thus: "When both sire and dam are entered in this section." To a student of Mendelism this is an astonishing rule, because it obviously permits the entry of a goat which may have no Nubian characteristics at all!

The accompanying illustrations of some typical prize Anglo-Nubian goats belonging to Mrs. Reginald Pease of Sledwich,

Barnard Castle, give a very fair idea of the variety as it exists at the present day. Two features stand out, one the apparent unfailing inheritance of the Eastern lop or drooping ear, the other the equally persistent Swiss, or rather European, coat pattern or marking. If we compare Eastern goats with European

we find among their most prominent differences (1) the type of horn and the fact that horns are usually carried by males only in Eastern goats; (2) head type, European goats having a straight or concave profile, together with a beard, Eastern goats being markedly convex in profile and beardless; (3) a colour pattern (white belly, rump, legs, and stripes up face, etc.), in European goats which is obvious in a more or less marked degree, with one exception, in all the Anglo-Nubian goats depicted, whereas Eastern goats of unmixed strain seem to run usually to whole colours or carry white markings in very irregular spots or blotches. Red or chestnut seems to be a peculiarly Eastern colour. Every goat illustrated shows

a combination of Eastern and European characteristics. In the establishment of an Anglo-Nubian breed which will do credit to our British skill as breeders, one of the chief lines to follow seems to be that of eliminating those qualities which make the animals unsuited to our climatic



EDENBRECK MARCUS.  
Champion Royal Show.



C. Reid.

ANGLO-NUBIAN GOATS AT SLEDWICH.

Copyright.

conditions while retaining those features which are distinctive or have proved valuable economically. For instance, the rich quality and delicious flavour of the milk of the best specimens of the East combined with the heavy yield and long lactation period of the best goats of Switzerland is a thing which should be sought for and established. The very fine, close coat of a hot country animal, and abnormally long ears, which will trail in the mud, might very well be replaced by a serviceable jacket and well carried, drooping ears of reasonable length. The convex profile is distinctive and unobjectionable even if unprepossessing to some people, and should be insisted on so long as an undershot jaw is avoided. A beard should certainly not be permitted, as it is a distinctly European peculiarity which looks odd in conjunction with an Eastern type of countenance, as in the male goat shown. The European type of horn and colour pattern should certainly

be bred out and twisted horns and whole colours substituted, encouragement also being given to the bizarre markings of an irregular nature so characteristic of some Eastern goats. Then, if length of body, shortness and straightness of legs, depth of body, and well formed quarters are substituted for the tall, narrow-bodied, sloping-quartered type so frequently seen, breeders will be on the way to establishing a variety of Anglo-Nubian goat with distinct and desirable characteristics which will do them credit, in place of the heterogeneous collection of animals with no fixed or distinctive points which pass under this name at the present day. The material is ready to hand; it is simply a matter of careful selection and patient breeding to get the desired result, and it is to be hoped that these ideas will at least be seriously considered by those in the best position to carry them out.

## LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

ON ANGLING: CASTING FOR SALMON.

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

THE great problem of salmon-fishing, in my humble opinion, is not so much how, as where, to throw your fly. The manner of the throw was all important in the trout-fishing business and the "where" was commonly determined for you by the pleasant sight of the rising fish. For the salmon you will fish more by faith and less by sight, seldom seeing him or knowing, for any surety, that he is there until he seizes your fly. Moreover, that trout fly casting was, for the most part, an up-stream business; to the salmon you will practically always be casting down-stream.

This salmon fly throwing, then, is very like the down-stream throwing for trout, except that it is a two-handed instead of a single-handed job. I am sure that it is the tendency of most salmon-fishers to overburden themselves by the length of their rods. I must admit, however, that one of my own old and best loves was a large 18ft. greenheart Hardy rod of no mean weight. It would take out the line—and a long line, too—with glorious ease, and you felt yourself to have a power over the fish, when you had him hooked, such as I have never known with a slighter weapon. Still, a 16ft. split cane—and for salmon I like a steel centre, though, for lightness' sake, I would rather be without it in a trout rod—will surely do all that you will often find that you need to do on most of our British rivers; and it is a lighter thing to wield. On most small rivers it is, indeed, a grievous error to use a big rod. Not only does it fatigue you unnecessarily,



SALMON FISHING: RIGHT-HAND CAST.



SALMON FISHING: LEFT-HAND CAST

but in the small rivers the fish are generally small, and you lose almost all the sport which the play of, say, a 9lb. salmon ought to give you if you have him at the end of an 18ft. rod with line and cast to match. Those big engines are, as a rule, for the big waters only. But I do not wish to be too dogmatic, and have been careful to write that it is on "most," and not "all," small rivers that a big rod is not "in the picture," because the rule that big fish do not come into the small rivers is not without its exceptions and also because there are some of these small rivers, such as the Awe and the Garry, which are so tumultuous, in which the fish are so vigorous and fight so hard in the strong water, and where it is so difficult to follow the fish, that a strong rod and tackle are very useful and not at all out of place, although the water is relatively small.

The most obvious difference between the casting for trout and salmon is that the former is a one-handed and the latter a two-handed business. Both have this in common, that the essential problem is one of timing, of allowing the right time, not too much and not too little, for the going out of the line behind so that the forward urge of the rod shall have the weight of the line to make full play with. Again, it is a question of having no slack, but all "live" line.

You will hold the rod, I presume, for right-handed throwing, over the right shoulder, well down towards the extremity of the butt with the left hand and with right hand well up. My own tendency is to hold the rod higher



with the right hand than most anglers do. It appears to me that I have more power by so holding it; but you will soon learn for yourself the height of grip with the upper hand which seems to give you best ease of wielding the rod and imparting live movement to the line. It is all a matter of practice, and all so very much easier than the like problem with the trout fly that you will be delighted by your quick mastery of it.

There is no question, with the salmon fly, of back-hand casting; but it is quite essential that you learn to cast over the left shoulder, and with the left hand uppermost. This is exactly the action, reversed, of the right-handed throw over the right shoulder. There is no need that I should give you any detailed hints about it. Again, it is a simple achievement, dependent for success on the sense of timing. You will very soon get the knack of it; and you will get it the sooner the more fully you realise that it is all a question of knack and that strength of muscle enters relatively little into it. Give the line time, behind your back, and bring it forward quietly; but do not get into the habit of going too lazily backward, because, if you do, you run a great risk of letting the fly come too near the ground behind you. It may catch in the grass—that does not matter; with a strong salmon cast it will go through the grass like an elephant through jungle—but it may equally well strike on a stone, in which case the point and barb are very likely to be broken off. This is a very good thing to happen when you are first practising and are more likely to catch your own ear than any salmon, but it is a sad moment when you draw back the line without any resistance at the end, after a good "pluck" in the water from what you are sure must have been a very large fish, and discover that the very simple reason why it was a pluck *et præterea nihil* is that the hook-point had been broken off in a rock behind you a cast or two previously. Those are the moments that almost palliate the blasphemy of the old angler exclaiming that "Job's" patience was never really tried, because the long-suffering patriarch was not a fisherman.

The most common, so that we may almost call it normal, throw of the salmon fly is that which takes it out at an angle of something like forty-five degrees down-stream from the caster. It pitches there, away out in the water, and comes swimming round in the current towards the caster's own bank, presuming that it is from the bank that he is throwing. I believe that I have hooked most of the salmon that have come to my fly during my life rather soon after the fly has gone into the water, in this kind of throw, and before it has gone round very far towards the nearer bank. But, at the same time, I believe that if we could know how many salmon, in comparison with the few that actually seize the fly, pay it the compliment of following it round in the water, keeping their noses just a foot or so below, as if in doubt or wonder whether or no to take a pluck at it—if we only had an idea of the number of times that this tantalising process goes on in comparison with the comparatively few and entirely blessed occasions on which the fish does take a really good hold of the fly—if we only knew this, I say, salmon-fishing would, I think, be a sport more exciting than human nature, as commonly constituted, could be expected to bear. I say this because it has happened to me so often, going down the bank below the point at which a friend was fishing, so as to be able to watch what went on in the water at the spot where his fly was travelling, to see a fish perform just such a watching progress as I have described, "letting I dare not wait upon I would," and disappointing me fearfully by sinking back and down in the water again when my friend began to draw in for the next cast. That I have seen often,

but I have also seen, though far less often, a better sight, that is to say, the salmon waiting and watching on the fly as it went round, and then, on the drawing-in process beginning, seeming as if he could endure the uncertainty no longer, that he must "have a go" at this tantalising thing which seemed about to go up-stream away from him, and "have a go" accordingly he did. After which, of course, the band, led by the screeching of the reel, began to play.

I tell you this, not so much to excite your enthusiasm, which is not likely to be in any need of such incitement, but so that you may avoid the error which I am sure is often made in pulling out the fly too soon and too fast for the next cast, and before its chance of catching a fish on that present cast is nearly exhausted. There is another hint, nearly allied, which I think you may find useful also. I see many a young salmon-fisher, directly he comes to the edge of a pool, commencing to pay out line not greatly shorter than the maximum that he is able to throw, and to cast therewith to the farther margin of the pool. That may be all very well if it is there, under that far bank, and there only, that the fish are likely to lie, but I often have seen this fine exhibition of casting executed when the probability was far more in favour of the fish lying under the caster's own bank. In this case all he has done by his long casting to start with is to alarm every salmon under the near bank

and destroy every chance of catching them. Often it is good policy to begin with quite a short line and therewith to try out the stream that is almost under your feet. Yet, again, you have to remember that what attracts the fish is not any graceful or athletic act on your part, or any particular curve of the line through the air, but the aspect of the fly in the water. That is all that the fish cares about; it is all that he ought to see.

That phrase, "all that he ought to see," reminds me of another tolerably obvious truth which salmon anglers are too apt to forget. The salmon has eyes. Every trout angler, especially with the dry fly, conducts his operations under the assumption that he has to deal with a quick-sighted fish; the very same man, passing to a salmon river, will sometimes set to work as though he supposed a salmon to have no eyes at all. It is true that the salmon is less likely to see you than the trout, because he lies deeper in the water and because the water in which he lies generally has a broken surface, but he has his eyes, for all

that. And you may remember, too, that you fish for him from above; that is to say, that as he lies in the water his head and eyes are towards you; he has that much the better chance of seeing you than the trout to which you cast up-stream. I do not want to give you any precise instructions on this point; only I do want to suggest to you that you should use your intelligence in regard to it. A vast number of anglers show so little intelligence in this regard; and I am convinced that they have lost very many salmon which might have been added to their bags because they have gone to work as if the fish were blind, and have scared them away before they began to fish for them.

I may point out to you that though we speak of the salmon "fly" as of the trout "fly," it is scarcely to be thought that any angler imagines that the salmon takes this so-called fly because of its resemblance to any winged insect. A much better name for it is "lure," which has no deceptive description about it. If the ordinary salmon fly looks like any of the aquatic creatures, it must surely be some of the iridescent crustaceans, and we may suppose that the movement of the lure at the end of the line, now stopping a moment, then suddenly darting on, and fighting across the current of the stream all the while, must be rather like that of a shrimp or prawn propelling itself by jumps. It is quite



GILLIE ABOUT TO GAFF.

useful to remember what we imagine the lure to look like in the salmon's eyes, because we then, almost instinctively, do our best to impart to it that movement which shall make it most lifelike and most attractive. And, so saying, I touch the edge of a mightily fierce discussion, some arguing that you ought to "work" the fly constantly, with an up and down or see-saw movement, others that you should let it go with the current, and do nothing. I venture on no dogmatic opinion; the more so that I am aware that on the Northcok River were two professional fishermen—river keepers—of whom one was an extremist of the cult of "working the fly," the other no less extreme in his conviction that you could never catch a fish unless you let the fly come round "naturally," as he said. It was always found, at the end of the year, as I understand, in spite of the wide difference in their methods, that these two old gentlemen had caught almost exactly the same number of fish. As for my own practice, for what very little value the mention of that may be, I generally let the fly come round as the current pleases to take it where it is in a strong water which keeps the fly playing and the line tolerably taut. Out in a slack, dead water I always work the fly. Indeed, in a still pool, it is hardly possible to give any appearance of life to the fly except by jiggling at it.

Scarcely less fiercely debated among salmon-fishers is the question whether you should strike a salmon, especially in rough water. Some will tell you that a salmon, turning as he takes the fly, will always hook himself, that your striking only tends to pull the hook out of his mouth. On the other hand, some say (and I am quoting, on both sides, the opinions of the best salmon-fishers I know) that they always strike a salmon as hard as they dare. As for the argument about pulling the hook out of his mouth, they reply that if it is to be pulled out thus, it could not possibly hold while the fish was being played and brought to gaff. They affirm that the strong strike drives the hook well home in the fish's jaw. I must confess that in my own practice I am a confirmed striker, and I believe the arguments of the strikers to be perfectly correct, that if a hook is to be dragged out by the strike it would never have held while the fish was being landed. Yet I will go so far with those who say that you should "never strike a salmon in rough water," as to agree that in the strong current a fish usually takes the fly with such a rush, and turns so quickly in it, that the hook will almost surely be driven well in past the barb without any act of the angler. Yet even in that pleasant case, I do not think the extra "jab" does any harm.

## THE LATE SIR EDMUND LODER, BART.

(Continued.)

By J. G. MILLAIS.

TO the uninitiated and especially town dwellers, it may not seem to be a great thing to have improved British gardens and created new shrubs. But to those, and they are now many, who live in the country and like to see the beauties of nature as they unfold and give us their wealth of blossom over many months, it is a joy to be able to go to the garden and enjoy the sight of some floral treasure, even in the winter. It certainly makes life more worth the living, for gardening is, as has been said, the purest of all earthly joys. So we who can appreciate such things owe a great debt to the hybridists like the late J. H. Mangles, Edmund Loder, J. C. Williams, and others, the English, Dutch and Japanese nurserymen, and the intrepid plant collectors, such as E. H. Wilson and George Forrest. All these men have done much for us and extended our range of good things until we can now have magnificent gardens with little expense for at least eight months in the year. Let me quote a few lines (received yesterday, April 30th), from an old Scottish friend, who has a wild garden in Ross-shire. "I am venturing to write to you for information and help. Have you had anything outstandingly good in the way of the newer *Rhododendrons* this spring, as I want to keep up to the mark and up to date with my collection, which is becoming a good big one. Never since I started growing these plants have I had such satisfaction as I have had this spring. We returned home on March 27th and my shrubberies were a perfect blaze of colour, forty species and hybrids being in full bloom and some thirty more have flowered so far in April, etc." Now, if that is written, as it is, by a man of eighty-four, who began gardening at seventy, it seems to show that for men of middle or even old age there is no pursuit to beat it.

Another interesting feature at Leonardslee, though it only appeals to the big-game hunter and scientific zoologist, is the museum of skulls and mounted heads of mammals gathered from all parts of the world. Comparisons are always odious and superlatives often dangerous inaccuracies, but it is not too much to say that as a complete collection of fine examples of horned animals the museum at Leonardslee has no superior. All are not by any means "records," although many record heads are to be seen there, but anyone who wishes to see exceptional specimens of deer, antelope, bovines, wild sheep, walrus, elephant tusks, megaceros, etc., will find them arranged in this collection.

I have often heard the opinion expressed, especially by big-game hunters, that it was curious that a man like Sir Edmund Loder, who himself had done so much big-game hunting, should care to possess a large number of heads shot by other hunters. To take such a view, however, is in reality somewhat narrow. We who love the rifle and the open road, even if endowed with wealth, health and the willingness to face danger, travel over immense distances, and face the constant fight with the forces of Nature, can, even if most successful, only after many years get together a very moderate collection during the short period we are allowed to live. Take, for example, Fred Selous, who hunted as much as anyone. His collection of African mammals was superb, his American collection was good but not remarkable, because he went there too late, and of European and Eastern specimens he shot hardly anything. So we could labour the point to any degree. The man, therefore, whose mind is more purely scientific and who wishes to acquire a perfect collection must purchase other specimens which he is not likely

himself to shoot, and this was Edmund Loder's point of view, because he delighted in the study of osteology quite as much as in the pleasures of the chase. Scattered, therefore, amid the wealth of wonderful specimens are a great number of deer, antelopes, etc., which he himself shot in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, and though he killed no record specimens he made as fine a collection of heads of his own shooting as most men. For twenty-five years I helped him in a humble way to acquire some of his best specimens, and it was always a great pleasure to get him a head to see his excitement and enthusiasm.

"Horn-love" is a curious thing, and one that is little understood in this country. At the great Vienna Exhibition in 1910 I was struck by the wonderful knowledge, even of children, concerning horn qualities. In Austria nearly every man and boy who has lived in the forests knows, or at least knew, something about heads, and could discuss them as we enthuse about football or cricket. In the British Islands perhaps 300 men take an interest in the subject, while the man in the street would gasp with wonder that once upon a time £2,000 and even a company of grenadiers was given for single red deer heads. Yet so it was, and the vagaries of taste and appreciation in certain things are matters of mystery to the uninitiated.

Let me give an example of one curious collector, Lord D. In his house in London he had a splendid collection of skulls from all parts of the world. He himself had enjoyed twenty years of the best shooting in India and Europe, and was a splendid shot. At one time he had killed fifty-six tigers, all shot on foot with a pair of old muzzle-loaders; yet, with the exception of one moth-eaten old tiger skin and a wonderful Scottish red deer, a 14-pointer, 41ins. long and 40ins. wide, killed at Ardverikie in 1860, and which he left to me at his death three years ago, he had not shot any of the heads in his house. He said they were much more interesting *when other people shot them*.

As long ago as 1873 Edmund Loder's father rented Amrat and Dibbiedale in North Ross-shire, and here he and his brothers were brought up with ample opportunities for stalking deer on the hills. Sidney and Reginald Loder were also first-class shots with the rifle, and their skill in deer-stalking is known in many forests; while Wilfred was a splendid shot with the gun. Between 1876 and 1916 Edmund Loder rented many Highland forests, notably, Ben Arne, Rothiemurchus, Cluane, Athole, Glencarron and Dundonald. He was so keen on the hills that no climbs were too steep or days too long until 1916, when he certainly taxed his strength too highly at the last-named forest and created the mischief to his heart which recently ended so fatally.

He won the Martin Smith prize for sporting rifles in 1886, 1888, 1893 and 1894, and the Holland prize for sporting rifles in 1888. In 1892 he made the "record" score at the "Running Deer" with a single rifle, and in 1894 took the first prize with another "record" score at "Running Deer" with the double rifle. In the international matches for the Elcho shield in 1900 and 1905 he was a member of the English team; while his prizes and medals in various competitions are too numerous to mention.

After the year 1883 Edmund Loder took seriously to botany, and spent much of his time in travel for the study and collection of plants. This trait of his, that of poking about on the hills for some new specimen, was so much in evidence that



Ross, the old Amrat stalker, who could not believe there was anything in the world capable of interfering with the chase of the deer, used to say to him: "Weel, Sir Edmund, is it to be st-a-a-lkin or scr-a-a-tchin the day."

Partly with a view to collecting American hill plants and also to kill the new and rare white goats, he went with his friends the Radclyffes to Montana in 1887. The trip was completely successful, and he shot four good specimens as well as a very fair wapiti.

From 1891 onwards he turned to Africa, and the great plains and forests of that wonderful Continent cast their spell over him. Edmund Loder first went to Algeria with the Radclyffes, taking with him one Benjamin, a Pyrenean chamois hunter, to help in the chase of that elusive creature, the aoudad or Barbary sheep. These animals, as well as the Edmi gazelle, they found in the mountains north of Biskra and had some fair sport with them, without, however, getting any good heads, for this sheep is by no means numerous, is quick to take alarm, and likes to hide under rocks in the heat of the day. Edmund Loder made three other trips to Algeria in 1893, 1894 and 1895, the last two in company with his friends Sir Alfred Pease and his charming wife. In 1893 and 1894 some fine specimens of aoudad were killed. In 1895 his intention was to get well down into the Sahara, and if possible kill addax and a new gazelle of which the hunters had heard tales and seen horns. The difficulties, however, of penetrating far into the Sahara were very great. Transport was not easy, and the opposition of the French Government, who did not wish Englishmen to be killed by the wandering Touaregs, considerable. However, with perseverance the travellers got as far south as El Oued, and though they did not see the addax, Edmund Loder shot the new desert gazelle which bears his name, *G. loderi*. This interesting little animal is now known to extend as far east as Tripoli and Egypt and is quite independent of water. It is some achievement to get a new species of mammal in these days.

Edmund Loder found the Peases such excellent travellers and companions that it was not long before he was planning another trip with them to Africa. Various circumstances, however, conspired together before it was possible to arrange the details for a hunt in Somaliland, but these were at last decided upon in the winter of 1896-1897. The party arrived at Aden on November 30th, 1896, and after gathering stores, camels, guides and horses, they left Berbera for the interior on December 9th. Of all the trips after game in which Edmund



LODER'S GAZELLE.

The first specimen obtained was shot by Sir Edmund Loder in 1894.

Loder took part, this was the most enjoyable and the most successful. Perfect weather and good health in the open air was experienced for three months and a large quantity of game seen and shot. In the coast range they obtained Pelzen's, Naso, and Sommering's gazelle. In the Golis they shot some fine specimens of both the greater and lesser koodoo, and one day, hunting alone, Edmund Loder killed six of the rare Baira antelope in as many shots. In the bush and plains to the south they shot gerenuk, Clarke's gazelle, wart hog, leopard and Somali hartebeeste, while far to the south-west, near the Webbe Shebeli, they killed a fine bull African elephant and several rhinoceroses. Coming home Edmund Loder got a nice lioness one day and so completed his collection of the Somali mammals.

It could not be supposed that a man so interested in big game could pass through life without seeing something of the most glorious of all the hunting grounds of the world, namely, British East Africa, but many years elapsed before he could find time to make a journey there, and even then he left the matter until it was somewhat late and much of the big game had been driven from the neighbourhood of the Uganda railway. However, in 1907, he made a short trip there, arriving at Nairobi on January 18th, 1908, when the rains were on, which is not the best time for hunting. He shot game on the Athi plains and in the bush in the neighbourhood of the Thika river, but did not undertake any extensive expedition into the heart of the country.

In some ways Edmund Loder was like many another English country gentleman. His tastes were healthy and simple. But he differed from others in the originality of his thought and the wonderful mental grasp he possessed of all subjects which interested him. For years he studied astronomy until he could get no more out of it. When he took up zoology and botany he did it by first acquiring a great library and then reading every book on the subject before beginning to propound his own new theories. His memory and analytical powers were extraordinary and he seemed almost incapable of making mistakes. One wet day we sat in the library at Leonardslee and I gave him to read a new book on Africa I had brought with me. He kept turning over the pages at such a rate that he did not seem to be reading it at all, and when he threw it down after an hour I asked him what he thought of it. Then he began: "You will see the author says on page 22"—then followed an analysis of the writer's views, which he proved were completely wrong, as was the case. "On page 35," a further long quotation from the book, almost word for word, and his own reason for disagreement. And so on throughout the whole volume, examining every error and praising every good point, as if he knew the whole of it by heart. I confess it amazed me, and though I had read the book twice very carefully, Edmund Loder had read and digested the whole matter in one hour, and what is more, could remember all about it afterwards. He was a great admirer of the classics and read them regularly long after he had left school and university. It was a common thing to hear him quote long passages from Ovid and Horace and his well-worn copies of these ancient writers were full of comments in his own handwriting on his favourite passages.

That such a brilliant man had no wish to write was a great loss to science. Even if he possessed the capacity he was far too hypercritical of his own work. This in itself was a hopeless detriment and perhaps an error of judgment, for no man ever wrote anything worth reading that was not full of small mistakes and sometimes big ones. Although a great talker, he was in reality very modest and altogether undervalued the extent of his own learning. Things which were difficult to others were easy to him, yet in public he preferred self-effacement. The only time I ever heard him make a speech he was simply a bundle of nerves, and though he knew more than anyone present, he had little to observe. So it is not too much to say that conscientiousness and modesty, thoroughly English attributes, are an awful drawback, because they prevent a man or woman from "letting themselves go" and displaying their quality and inner thoughts. That is why we have so few first-class artists, writers and actresses. We are all *too English* and unemotional.

However, that in itself does not detract from the charm or even greatness of English character. We just like to find people so, because we hate too much soul disintegration or anything that savours of boastfulness. Edmund Loder, therefore, was too English in his natural reserve and so the outside world did not know him. Only his intimate friends who could understand his lovable qualities and brilliant mind could gauge his character. In the days of his strength he was a brilliant talker on almost any subject, and out of doors he was simply a bundle of tireless energy, and a man had to hustle to keep pace with him when he got to work. As one of his gardeners said to me this week: "He used to near kill me some days in the garden—doing things—but now I do not know however I shall get on without him." So to those who knew him best Edmund Loder leaves a very happy memory of a staunch friend, who never said a single word of disparagement about anyone nor harboured a thought that was not big or generous. The people we like best in this world are those whom we always take up as we left them, and who are ever ready to discuss the interesting things of life in a kindly and clever way. Edmund Loder was just such a man, and I shall miss him much.

Sir Edmund and Lady Loder had two children. The eldest is Patience, wife of Captain W. Otter of Bolney Place, Sussex. The second child was Robin, who married Muriel, daughter of J. Rolls Hoare, Esq. A son, Giles Rolls, born November 10th, 1914, succeeds to the title.

Robin Loder, who was a captain in the Sussex Regiment, was in some ways very like his father, being extremely clever. Like so many young Englishmen of the best kind, he volunteered early in the Great War, and was killed in the attack on Gaza, Palestine, in April, 1917. He made a brilliant soldier and was much beloved by the men of his regiment. If there was one thing that Edmund Loder prized more than anything it was his son, and when the latter was killed I think it broke his heart, for he was never the same man again.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# A "COUNTRY LIFE" HOUSE

**R**YSTWOOD HOUSE, Forest Row, overlooking the Ashdown Forest Golf Course, a freehold now in the hands of Messrs. Hampton and Sons for realisation, is of peculiar interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, inasmuch as the house represents the result of an architectural competition which was held by the proprietors in 1913. An account of the house and of the circumstances attendant on its design and erection was published in COUNTRY LIFE of July 8th, 1916. It may be recalled that the first prize was awarded to Mr. W. Curtis Green, who was accordingly appointed architect for the carrying out of the work. The building was done by Messrs. Perry and Co. (Bow), Limited. The house is characterised by "solidity and symmetry rather than a laboured picturesqueness." It has been said that "Rystwood House is typical of the best architectural thought of to-day, which plans not historically but originally, bearing in mind that our needs and habits are not those of our forefathers, but relying on eighteenth century traditions to give their colour to the general form of the house." From the standpoint of a purchaser, important present considerations are that the property is sold with possession on completion of the purchase, and that the grounds are only roughly planned, so that a buyer can carry out his own ideas in that matter, unfettered by what anyone else may have done. The total area is 2½ acres.

### STAVORDALE PRIORY, WINCANTON.

**O**F all the architectural gems left to their fate at the Dissolution of the Monasteries, none in the Western counties eclipses Stavordale Priory in beauty. Some twenty years ago Mr. Colcutt, the then President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, undertook the supervision of a certain amount of restoration. Really it was not more than the removal of some later work, which had fortunately, in the main, been restricted to concealing and protecting the old and original structure. Paint can be removed, lath and plaster cut away, and the removal of partitions, even of brick and mortar, is both an easy and congenial task, where every day's skilled and patient effort is rewarded by finding the original wood and stonework intact in all its virgin beauty. How very little the Stavordale Priory structure had suffered at the hands of successive owners may be inferred from an examination of the massive old chestnut roof, formerly covering the chancel of the monastery, and now forming the open roof of the hall or music room. The drawing-room ceiling is of fan vaulting, contemporaneous with Sherborne Minster. Stavordale Priory is of uncertain age, but at least goes back to the late twelfth or early thirteenth century. The chapel and other portions were built, in or about the year 1405, by John, Lord Stourton. With over 100 acres the house is in the market, and Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners are the agents.

### TRERICE MANOR, NEWQUAY.

**T**RERICE, now in the market, was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, August 5th, 1911. It is mentioned by Carew as "anciently Treres . . . costly and commodious buildings." The Arundells of Trerice rightly rank as among the greatest of Cornishmen. The descent of the estate through successive owners, all of them distinguished in their day and generation, was minutely set out in these columns in 1911. It must suffice to-day to record that in 1802 Trerice devolved on Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, and that in 1911 his grandson, Sir C. T. Dyke Acland, was owner. Under the Aclands it was occupied for generations by the Tremaines. Trerice was built in the form of a capital E, a compliment to Queen Elizabeth. The original north wing was destroyed by a hurricane some sixty years ago. The hall and the drawing-room are the chief glories of the house. As Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch says in the closing sentence of his article in COUNTRY LIFE, "The West of England can show few houses of ancient memory so religiously kept."

### A DAVID COX SIGNBOARD.

**T**HE Royal Oak Hotel, Bettws-y-Coed, with its famous signboard, painted by David Cox, is being submitted by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley next week. The executors

of the late Mr. Spencer Castle have instructed the firm to offer Frensham Grange, between Farnham and Hindhead. The Hon. Mrs. Thornton has decided to sell Hildersham Hall, Linton, Cambs.

Chargot Lodge, Luxborough, Somerset, 7,085 acres, has been sold by Messrs. Alfred Saville and Sons, to Mr. Travis, of Worcester. It has belonged for many years to Mr. E. R. Insole.

### THE WORTH OF WINGERWORTH.

**A**N ominous silence prevailed after the alternative suggestions made from the rostrum as to the fair price of Wingerworth Hall. This fine old mansion, built about 190 years ago, under the supervision of Talman, of Chatsworth fame, was first put in at £60,000 for the Hall and about 820 acres. It was next submitted with just the park and grounds, but again there was no bid.

What is the future of the mansion? If it is to be used simply as an institution or for some kindred purpose, any necessity to preserve the beautiful panelling, mouldings and grand staircase of oak, with wonderfully ornate balusters, disappears. According to an offer which is said to have been made, a buyer could have, if he wished, about £12,000 for these interior fittings, and such is the demand for them that he could probably make it a condition of the contract that the buyer should reinstate the work in question with some humbler but equally serviceable material. There is little doubt that the Hall will be dismantled unless someone comes along quickly with an acceptable offer.

Major Philip Hunloke is known to have told Mr. Gordon Saunders (Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.) that he wanted the tenants to be exceedingly well treated. Well treated they were, and right heartily they signified their appreciation of the fact, as shown by their expressions of thanks for having had a chance of acquiring their holdings in private treaty. Inclusive of such sales the approximate realisations amounted to nearly £180,000. Among the buyers were the Derbyshire County Council, which bought about 75 acres for the settlement of ex-Service men, and golfers will be glad to hear that the Chesterfield Golf Club has been lucky enough to make an acceptable bid for its course. There is not much use in attempting to give average prices per acre, as the question of value was complicated, as to much of the land, by its proximity to the town of Chesterfield, a strong element of building value being consequently present.

In closing this reference to a satisfactory auction it only needs to be added that Mr. E. E. Mitchell (Chesterfield) acted jointly with the Mount Street firm in the matter. We could wish that that question of the future of the mansion were decided in a manner according with the views of lovers of the old type of English home. It remains in the balance, and there is not much to embolden us to think that the house may long continue as it stands to-day.

### HAMILTON PALACE.

**B**EARING on the fate of famous houses, it is interesting to remark that, during the last few days, the Duke of Hamilton has been approached by the Hamilton Town Council to sell them the dismantled palace of Hamilton, "in the stabling of which alone 100 families can be accommodated," as the report says.

### SIR MONTAGUE FOWLER'S SALE.

**T**HE Rev. Sir Montague Fowler is selling Braemore, Ross-shire, and the Meoble deer forest, Inverness-shire, is also to be submitted on July 21st. In July Messrs. J. A. Lumley and Dowell will expose to public roup these and other properties, in all about 100,000 acres of deer forests and sporting estates. A few days later the firm will offer Ben Loyal and Ribigil, Sutherlandshire, on behalf of Sir William Cross, who has bought another property. Ledgowan, in Ross-shire, also for sale, is surrounded by famous forests.

Mr. J. Bell Irving, of Rokeyby, is the buyer of Mr. Scott Makdougall's Makerstoun estate of 2,500 acres.

### LORD MIDDLETON'S NOTTS ESTATES.

**L**ORD MIDDLETON is shortly going to sell the Saundby and South Muskham estates, Notts. At present the tenantry are

having an opportunity of buying in private negotiation, through Messrs. Henry Spencer and Sons, of Retford.

### A DUCAL AUCTIONEER.

**S**OME seven years ago there was a lively gathering in the dining-room of one of the Oxford hotels. At first the arrivals were mainly of London journalists, and every second man seemed armed with a camera. Later the room filled up with bidders and a lively crowd of undergraduates. The occasion was rare, if not unprecedented, a Duke acting as auctioneer of his own land. In the rostrum the owner-auctioneer, the Duke of Marlborough, was not markedly distinguishable from a professional auctioneer of the average type. A trifle quiet, but genial, if a little weighed down by the seriousness of the business in hand. As the sale progressed, and the flashlight photographs had been taken, the Duke got more at home and did quite a good afternoon's work, the tenants in particular responding to his invitations to bid. But there was something about the proceedings that left the impression that the Duke would not willingly act as his own auctioneer again. Now that he is about to dispose of 2,800 acres of the outlying lands of the Blenheim estate, he has commissioned Messrs. Franklin and Jones to do the work for him. About Blenheim Palace itself there is no need to say anything, except that it has been the subject of illustrated articles in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. v, pages 688-720; Vol. xxv, pages 786-834).

### CALLIS COURT, BROADSTAIRS.

**A**N important Thanet property has found a buyer, Callis Court, Broadstairs, the residence of the late Mr. H. H. Marks, formerly Member of Parliament for the Division. The mansion, with grounds, farm, and 85 acres, has been sold privately, for immediate occupation, by Messrs. Cockett, Henderson and Co.

### BIRCHINGTON HALL, KENT.

**B**IRCHINGTON HALL, Kent, on the outskirts of Birchington, is to be offered by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley; and Cantley, Wokingham, about five minutes from the golf course, with 70 acres, is also to be offered by the firm.

### SIR GERALD MILDMAY'S HANTS ESTATE.

**M**ESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY are instructed to offer by auction in the coming season outlying portions of Dogmersfield in the parishes of Odiham, Winchfield, Dogmersfield, Greywell and Cron-dall, and extending to about 5,000 acres, including twenty agricultural holdings, the Queen's Head Inn, small holdings, private houses and 100 country cottages. The estate surrounds the town of Odiham.

Draycot House and park of 440 acres are the principal lots in the forthcoming break-up sale of the well known Wilts estate. There are two or three good houses on the property, particularly Seagry House and The Mount. The Draycot property extends to 4,345 acres, in Christian Malford and eight or nine other parishes. The aggregate rentals amount to just over £7,000 a year. Draycot House was built in the year 1784 and it has had a great deal of remodelling internally to bring it up to date at various times.

The farms will naturally be keenly sought after, for there is no richer soil in England than that of the North Wilts vales. As a residential district there is a great deal to be said for it on the ground of accessibility to all parts, and of course it enjoys the advantage of proximity to Badminton, Bowood, Corsham Court, Derriards, Grittleton, Spye, and other noted houses. It is almost in the centre of the Duke of Beaufort's hunting country, while the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's) and the Avon Vale Hunts are no great way off. Turning to the business side of the sale, it may be remarked that produce of every description is so easily marketable at high prices everywhere that that question gives a farmer no anxiety. It is, however, more true of Chippenham than most places, for there is a great condensed milk factory there, and two or three organisations provide for the regular collection and transmission of milk and other produce.

ARBITER.



# A ROMANCE OF THE PUNIC WARS

VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ, who during the war produced a striking novel called "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," has now given us another, *Sonnica* (John Long), of which an authorised translation has been made by Frances Douglas. This book is stronger and more highly coloured than its predecessor—than any of its predecessors, in fact; for the author is a prolific writer, though as yet little known in this country. Why the struggle between Rome and Carthage was chosen we can only guess. It is possible that the novelist was guided mainly by love of strong effects and lurid colour. We prefer to believe that he was actuated by a much higher motive. If the past holds any analogy to the great war between the Central and the Entente Powers it is to be found in the Punic Wars, the most dreadful and devastating in the history of the world until the twentieth century. He may have wished to bring home to public attention not only the horrors of war, but the check it administers to civilisation, the centuries of suffering it entails, and its strangling effect on the beautiful and refined arts. If this were so, he has succeeded in producing the desired impression. The picture drawn is one of almost unrelieved horror, and unfortunately imagination does not go beyond the facts. In such a case it would be a mistake to criticise the novel merely as a work of art, or to compare it, for example, with Flaubert's "Salambo." It is far more to the point to take it as an object lesson on the calamities to the human race which not only accompany but follow a great war.

The story opens long after the rivalry between Rome and Carthage had brought the two nations into armed conflict. Hamilcar, the able and savage Carthaginian, has died before it opens; so, apparently, has his son Hasrubal. Hannibal is in power and is carrying out the vow he made to his father of eternal hatred to Rome. At first he appears and disappears like some grim and elusive shadow in the drama. The story opens with the return of the ship of Polyanthus, the Saguntine pilot, to Saguntum. As the vessel enters, another carries out the Roman ambassadors who had been sent to settle the political disorders of the city. Their short way of doing this was by decapitating all agitators who were known to be unfriendly to Rome. That meant, however, that they were the friends of Carthage. Hannibal, who could play the spy to perfection, having come to take notes of the military weaknesses of the country, is roused to fury by the doom pronounced and executed upon his allies. He is disguised, but the reader is made aware of his mood by a quarrel which is staged in an inn where the returned sailors have gorged themselves with food and drink in circumstances of unmitigated bestiality. He stabs the legionary with whom he has been disputing "in the thick neck he had been staring at with the fixity of a wild beast." The quarrel is witnessed by the hero of the story, Actæon, a Greek who had returned in the ship of Polyanthus. Actæon is a typical Greek of his time, one who had been well born and well nurtured, had fought and travelled, made fortunes and lost them, and is now stranded in Saguntum without an obolus in his pouch. His relations to the chief actors in the drama are peculiar. He had been the friend and playmate of young Hannibal, but then Hannibal's father had crucified his own gallant soldierly parent. Thus he was drawn to the one side by a youthful friendship, but his countrymen were at that time pro Roman and by a natural hatred of the race to which he owed so deep an injury he was driven in another. His adventures in Saguntum are such as could easily befall an adventurer of those days. The chief event was that he caught the eye of *Sonnica*, whose life-history had not been unlike his own. She had come into being in the island of Cyprus, where Aphrodite was the goddess who reigned supreme, and where the island women roamed by night in search of mariners to offer themselves in her memory. Her early childhood had been spent on a ship, and she remained there till the owner, grown weary, sold her one night to a Bæotian. Thus she became one of the *hetærae* till she managed to escape to Athens, where she ranged herself among the *lupas*, whom the Athenian youths called she-wolves on account of their howling. Her profession did not hinder her from winning the love of a rich man who died, leaving her wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. She sees Actæon, and a little conversation reveals in him a something akin to the young students whose conversation in Athens she had preferred to that of the rich and sordid and consequential. Thus the reader is introduced to the luxury of that day which existed side by side with what we should now call profligacy, but was then a commonplace part of daily life. In the affection

between them, too, there is some relief found from the inarticulate misery of everything else. It was a day when slavery was at its worst and life of little account; when hunger and its companion, greed, assailed the poor, and the rich indulged in luxuries that became unspeakable. Hannibal eventually besieges the city and almost reduces it by famine. Actæon is sent to Rome in order to obtain help from the great Republic for one of her allies. There he meets many men whose names became famous—Plautus, the writer of comedies, who having got into debt, was sold as a slave; Cato, the selfish and egotistic, who embodied in himself all that was prudent and ungenerous in his Roman countrymen; Fabius, to whose caution and cowardliness was due the neglect of Rome to strike promptly for Saguntum.

Actæon's mission is not a success. The Romans, with fair words, but no help, send him back. He is captured by Hannibal and there are some strong scenes between the two. But it is the Carthaginian general's day. The gods permit that in this enterprise he should be victorious, reserving for him a dreadful fate in the not distant future. But no shadow of that clouds his triumph. The book is stirring from the beginning to the end, but never more so than in the frightful scenes that mark the end of the siege, the death of *Sonnica*, of her lover, of the old warrior, of the boy and girl, in whose innocent love we take the purest interest, and the smoke and fury, the lust and cruelty with which battles long ago were accompanied. The worst of it is that we in this generation are not in a position to look back with a superior eye on those barbarous times since our own has witnessed a more terrible war than that between Rome and Carthage. We like to think that the intention of the author in writing this lurid novel was to warn the men of his own day and generation of the dangers that beset a conquering as well as a conquered nation.

Looking Back, by Seymour Fortescue. (Longmans, 21s.)

SIR SEYMOUR FORTESCUE could scarcely fail to write a good book of memoirs, because he has been in the very thick of life and fashion all his life. Besides having lived at Court and in society and having a knowledge of clubs extensive and peculiar, he was for seventeen years Equerry to the late King Edward VII, part of the time, of course, when he was Prince of Wales. His father was the first Earl Fortescue, and he was born at Castle Hill in North Devon in February, 1856, so that he was a Crimean baby. The reader opening the book at random will always find something interesting or amusing. For instance, we let the book open and a page is disclosed in which there is a dinner on board the Royal yacht and Sir Seymour Fortescue is placed between two German officers of the same rank as himself and is engaged making conversation with them. He learns, to his great astonishment, that Marryat and his novels were very well known to these officers. They had Mr. Midshipman Easy and Mr. Chucks at their fingers' ends. They explained that having no naval literature of their own they had to fall back on us. Then in his own inimitable way the author tells of a second surprise when he saw these perfect examples of officers and gentlemen (?) filling their pockets with the cigars that were handed them to smoke!

On Town clubs he speaks with authority, for, indeed, he is proud of being a Cockney. We turn over and we find him in his capacity as an understudy representing Faust in a series of *tableaux vivants* which Queen Victoria had got up during a visit to Osborne of the Empress Eugénie. He was not a success, for as soon as the curtain was up he heard the Empress, who was seated next to the Queen, asking in a very audible voice "Mais, qui est, donc, ce petit Faust?" Then there is a sketch of the Turf Club, then the most agreeable club in London, and a little history of the Amphitryon Club. It was started as a sort of French café, but with a small entrance fee and subscription, and a ballot for members. The maitre d'hôtel was Emile Aoust, who had been at Bignon's. Emile thoroughly understood food but was a little weak in finance, and made excessive variations in his prices. He lost the custom of one very good client by charging him sixteen shillings for a solitary baked apple. A delightful account is given of the famous Beef Steak Club. The author speaks of a time when the principal members were known familiarly as Archie Wortley, "Pelican" (the pet name of Pellegrini), Arthur Blunt, Corney Grain, the "Beetle" (otherwise Harry Kemble), Johnny Giffard, Joe Knight and Joe Comyns Carr, perhaps the wittiest of them all. The late Count Benckendorff, who for a time during the war was Russian Consul in London, was a very popular member. But the majority of people will probably find the notes written when Sir Seymour was Equerry to the Prince of Wales the most attractive part of the book. The Prince of Wales, that is to say King Edward, had an extraordinary memory. Once at Cannes a very obviously English gentleman bowed and evidently expected to be recognised. The salutation was returned, but on getting back to the Royal carriage the Prince at once asked if his Equerry knew who the man was, and received a reply in the negative. He thought for fifteen minutes or so and then triumphantly exclaimed, "I knew I should get hold of his name. He is a Mr. —, and he was presented to me just fourteen years ago at a function at which I was present." He then proceeded to state what the function was and where it had taken place, and he had never set eyes on the man since! He had, indeed, a Royal memory. Reminiscences of this kind are mixed with the most agreeable talk about society and the personages met in it, so that the book is a very charming one indeed.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE TERN AND THE SCOTTISH FISHERIES COMMITTEE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Nothing can be more mischievous than a report from a body of men under the ægis of the term "Committee" if based upon insufficient or faulty data. This is what the report of the Scottish Freshwater Fisheries Committee appears to be, as far as their findings relative to the terns are concerned, and I fully endorse all that your correspondent W. E. Collinge says on the matter. I have for many years, at various times and places on the Kent, Norfolk and Suffolk coasts, had the lesser tern (*Sterna minuta*) and the common tern (*Sterna fluvialis*) under my observation. I have watched them feeding for hours and have examined the contents of their stomachs on many occasions, and at no time have I ever detected any trace of freshwater fish or anything that could lay claim to be considered as belonging to the class insecta; on the contrary, the bulk of the food consisted of small marine fish with a considerable admixture of crustaceans, mollusca and some marine worms. I am fully convinced that their diet is almost, if not exclusively, marine, and the damage they do in that realm may be put down at nil. In fact, that which we do ourselves in our methods of fishing is infinitely greater. A trifling damage may be done by them in restricted areas, but the balance of nature would soon restore this; and, in spite of it all, our destruction and theirs, the sea is still teeming with fish, and Professor Huxley's remark, "our fisheries are inexhaustible," is not far from the truth. Why, then, should we persecute these lovely and fascinating creatures? Is the insatiable greed of man to wipe out of existence every beautiful thing in nature that takes from him a few crumbs of his wealth? I hope I speak for the majority when I answer "No!" It is, therefore, to be hoped that this totally unsatisfactory report will in no way help to remove what protection these birds now enjoy.—J. E. CAMPBELL-TAYLOR (a member of the Norfolk Freshwater Fishery Board).

## THE MENACE TO CITY CHURCHES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In face of this monstrous proposal to pull down nineteen of the City churches it is well to remember what the destroyers have already done. Seventeen of Wren's churches were swept away in the nineteenth century. Twelve of them received their death sentence under the Union of Benefices Act of 1860 (which was no other than the precursor of this present scheme for raising money by the sale of one's birthright); one (St. Christopher-le-Stocks) was demolished so that the Bank of England might be enlarged; another (St. Bennetts Fink) was pulled down when the Royal Exchange was rebuilt; another (St. Bartholomew by the Exchange) shared the

same fate in order that the Sun Fire Office might occupy the site; another (St. Michael, Crooked Lane) was demolished in connection with the approach to new London Bridge. What have we got in exchange for these seventeen Wren churches, and what shall we get in place of the other nineteen now threatened? Indifferent specimens of modern architecture in the form of insurance offices, banks and city warehouses. The very best that the nineteenth century gave us in exchange was Cockerell's building in Threadneedle Street. The suggestion that the churches might be reconstituted in some new suburb of London is futile. Fancy All Hallows at Clapham Junction or St. Michael Royal ("Dick Whittington's church") at Surbiton!—P.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is a very interesting statement in a paper communicated to the Society of Antiquaries in 1914 by Sir Lawrence Weaver, who discovered in the Bodleian Library at Oxford three manuscript volumes containing the detailed accounts—to the utmost farthing—of the building of Wren's City churches. Here are the costs of the thirteen which the Commission would propose to demolish:

	£.	s.	d.
St. Magnus the Martyr	9,579	19	10
All Hallows, Lombard Street	8,058	15	6
St. Michael Royal	7,455	7	9
St. Andrew by the Wardrobe	7,060	16	11
St. Mary Aldermanbury	5,237	3	6
St. Nicholas Cole Abbey	5,042	6	11
St. Michael, Cornhill	4,686	10	4
St. Clement, Eastcheap	4,365	3	4½
St. Stephen, Coleman Street	4,020	16	6
St. Mary-at-Hill	3,980	12	3
St. Alban, Wood Street	3,165	0	8
St. Anne and St. Agnes	2,448	0	10
St. Vedast	1,853	15	6

The other five churches on the Commissioners' list are not by Wren, and no figures as to their cost are available, with the exception of St. Mary Woolnoth (by Wren's pupil, Nicholas Hawksmoor), which is included with those above at £3,457 15s. 9d. These are building costs of the latter half of the seventeenth century. They would now be quite five times what they were in Wren's time.—A. F. RADFORD.

## THE FUTURE OF METHWOLD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your article on this subject of May 1st the writer refers in "The Future of Methwold" to 441 acres of "waste" heath, and notices a Government scheme to turn the "bracken lands" into farms. Why not let well alone! The so-called waste land carries already an excellent crop of highly nutritious food and good furs in the shape of the rabbits. Farming can never be made to pay on these lands unless there is an intensive system of irrigation, owing to the paucity of the rainfall and the dryness of

the air. If your contributor will consult the County Directory he will see the average rainfall for Norfolk is 23½ in. against the average for the other parts of England of 36 in. No crops can contend against a late spring—a drying east wind during March, April, May and June, followed by a dry summer. Poultry and game flourish in a dry climate and as long as the land owners can afford to produce game (apart from the commercial coney), well and it forms an expensive and pleasant variety to the ordinary citizen's menu. Perhaps in time the Simple Simons whom the government employs (because presumably they fail to qualify for any other occupation) will realise that even they cannot issue orders to the Clerk of the Weather, and will cease to teach their grandmothers how to suck eggs.—NORFOLK LAND OWNER.

## FARMER AND LABOURER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Though there is much in your correspondent's letter printed under this heading in your issue of May 1st with which I am heartily in agreement, there is one point made by him which I should like to call in question. He says: "The old identity of interests (between farmer and labourer) no longer exists." Surely this is in appearance only? The success of every business venture, the farm as well as the factory, is directly to the workers' interest as well as to the capitalists'. I do not believe that the question of wages will prove an insurmountable obstacle to peace; the matter of shorter hours is far more difficult. With the best will in the world the farmer cannot arrange satisfactorily to carry his hay for only so many hours a day or get his cows to agree to go without being milked on Sunday; but it does not seem as though an arrangement by which extra hours worked in summer were compensated for by days shorter than the regulation time in winter would be hard to carry out, while the man "on duty" on Sunday could take his holiday some other day of the week. Negotiations conducted with real friendliness and understanding ought to lead to a state of affairs very promising for agriculture and therefore to the equal benefit of the farmer and the labourer.—A SHROPSHIRE LAD.

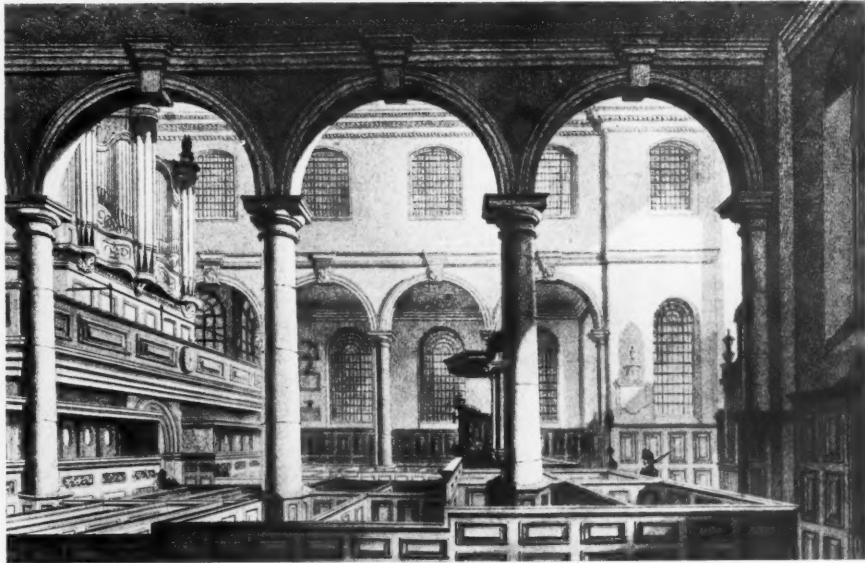
## BURDEN OF TAXATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Perhaps you will permit me to point out that there is no proposal "of raising the money by a tax on fortunes made during the war." The proposal is for taxing "war-wealth," however accruing. Under this proposal the heirs of soldiers who have given their lives for the country will be robbed of 40 per cent. or more of their inheritances, according to the scale laid down, even though not one penny of the inheritance was made out of the war. I venture to think that these heirs will have "cause to complain."—J. H. E. REID, Colonel.



St. Michael, Crooked Lane.



St. Bartholomew, by the Exchange.

WREN CHURCHES PULLED DOWN IN THE 19TH CENTURY.





A FLOCK OF SPOTTED SHEEP.

## SHEEP THAT CAME OVER WITH THE ARMADA?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may like to put enclosed photograph in COUNTRY LIFE. The sheep are Jacob or Spotted sheep, and their history is rather curious, as there is a legend that their ancestors swam ashore from an Armada ship to the coast of Ireland, and were brought from there to Tabley House. There is a picture there of these sheep painted about 1760 by the order of the Lord de Tabley of that time. There are now some fifty flocks in England, and besides being ornamental as a park sheep, they are also extremely hardy, lambing out in the open without any attention. They also do not suffer from foot rot, and require no artificial feeding; in fact, unless snow is too deep on the ground for them to scratch it away with their feet, they refuse all artificial foods. The wool is of quite good quality, the mutton is excellent, and they usually produce two lambs. I started my flock by buying three ewes in lamb, and now have over sixty.—C. S. SCHREIBER.

## IRISES IN SICILY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you may care to publish this photograph of a Sicilian iris garden. There seems to me to be a remarkable quality of light in flowers and figure, and though you have so many delightful photographs in COUNTRY



IN A SICILIAN GARDEN.

LIFE, I trust this may be worthy to find a small place there.—R. H.

## AN ANGLO-SAXON CRUCIFIX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to see the enclosed photograph of a famous Saxon rood or crucifix. It is to be found on the exterior of the west wall of the south transept of Romsey Abbey. The sculpture is Byzantine in character and represents Christ "reigning on the Tree," with the Father's hand outstretched above. It is in a remarkable state of preservation, considering its undoubted age. Only a portion of one shoulder and forearm are missing: a pent-house has now been added to protect the rood from further damage by the weather. Mr. E. S. Prior, in his "History of Gothic Art in England," says that it is the best work of its date, in high relief, to be found in England. A crucifix almost identical with this one is drawn in a manuscript (circa A.D. 994) of the Homilies of Archbishop Ælfric, in the British Museum, and confirms the opinion that this Romsey relic is of Saxon date. The fact that it was passed over by the Puritans of the seventeenth century without being mutilated is a fact worthy of notice. In the recess at the side a lamp or taper was probably kept burning, as there are small holes at the top to carry away the smoke.—HARRY ABBOTT.

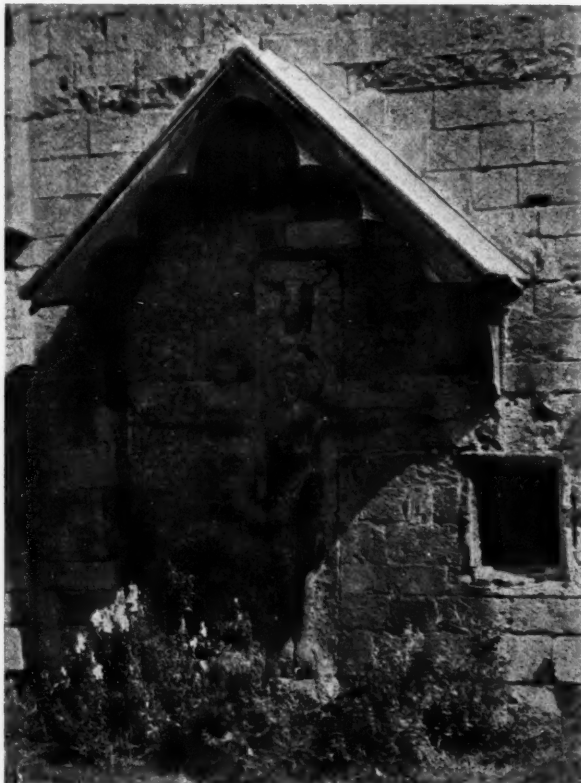
[The Romsey crucifix is well known to archaeologists. It is a work of late Anglo-Saxon art not long before the Conquest. Other crucifixes of about the same date exist in England, but none of such good design. Possibly the sculptor had an ivory carving before him. This may have been German in origin, rather than Byzantine. The type at any rate is in no sense original and may be matched by numerous miniatures in contemporary manuscripts.—Ed.]

## WAGTAILS FLOCKING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have often observed the flocking of wagtails during migration, mostly in autumn. Indeed, my note-books record only two such flocks on the spring migration, at an interval of two years, each time, oddly enough, on February 25th. In 1910 at Gerrard's Cross probably 200 pied wagtails were assembled, some on a road and others perched in trees

and shrubs. In 1912 a hundred or more were nesting in a group of trees in Richmond Park, and others were continually arriving. In August I have seen, year after year, hundreds of wagtails for days together on the marshes at Porlock in Somerset. The reed beds close to Winchelsea Station in Sussex are a favourite roosting place for both pied and yellow wagtails at the end



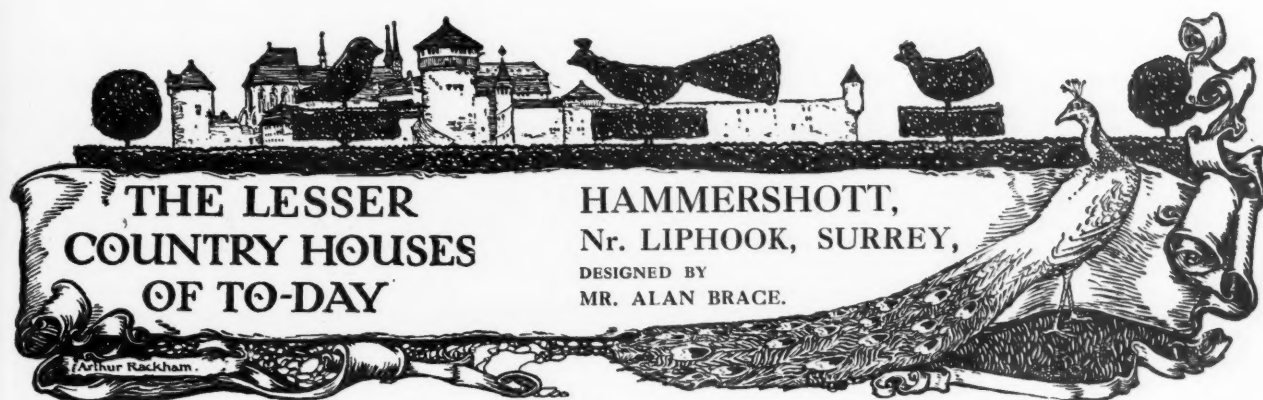
THE ROMSEY CRUCIFIX.

of the nesting season. Towards the end of July, 1910 and 1913, I saw great numbers of the birds gathering there to roost. The noise of a train stopping in the station, the slamming of the station gates or the clapping of my hands would cause the birds to rise in a swarm and scatter wildly in all directions. Towards sunset on Christmas Eve, 1915, flocks of pied wagtails flew over the garden of a house in Weybridge, going south—one flock alone numbered upwards of fifty birds. Many of them alighted on the lawn for a time.—J. R. H.

## ANOTHER LARGE HEN'S EGG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to the photograph of a large hen's egg, weighing 4oz., published in your issue of April 24th, I beg to say that one of my boys brought in a hen's egg yesterday which weighed only a fraction under 5½oz. My fowls are cross-breds and lay very good-sized eggs as a general rule, but this was a monster and no doubt a double-yolked one.—M. L. DUNCOMBE-ANDERSON.



THE planning of a building to suit an unusual site is a matter of particular interest. It is well exemplified in many of those City churches whose existence is now threatened. But though, with public and civic buildings, there is often great opportunity for architectural ingenuity arising out of the conditions of the site, in domestic architecture there is not often scope for anything exceptional in this respect, the bulk of houses being built on flat, open ground, and necessitating no other than direct planning and the customary considerations of aspect and prospect. Occasionally, however, the site is exceptional, and then we may expect to find an arresting treatment. The house here illustrated, built on steeply sloping ground between Haslemere and Liphook, is an example of this kind. The site slopes down sharply to the south, and the problem was to build a house on it with a minimum of excavation. Mr. Alan Brace has successfully accomplished this by making his entrance but a little below the first-floor level—a very unusual arrangement, but one which has worked out quite satisfactorily. There is a drive down from the road, and the entrance leads us straight into a small hall, from which a short flight of steps goes up on the right to the first floor, while another



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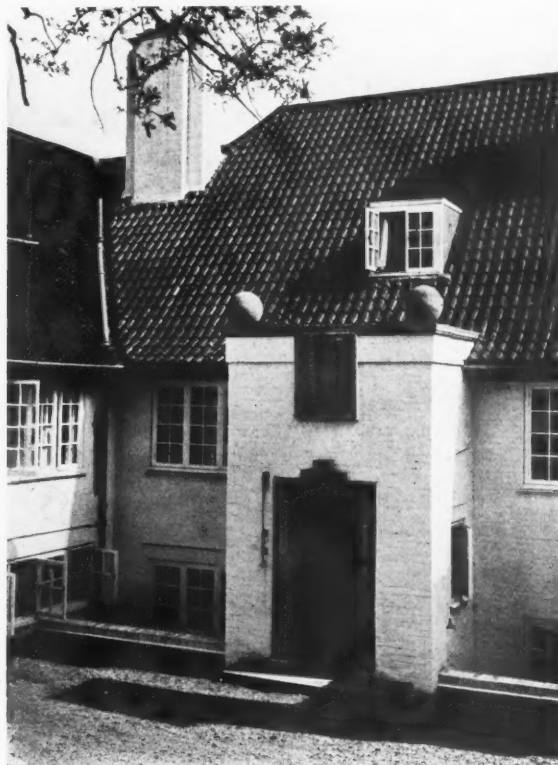
SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

short flight of steps goes down on the left to the principal rooms on the "ground floor." From the right-hand stairs at first-floor level a corridor runs across, and off it the



APPROACH AND ENTRANCE FRONT.



DETAIL OF ENTRANCE FRONT.





Copyright.

FROM THE WEST.

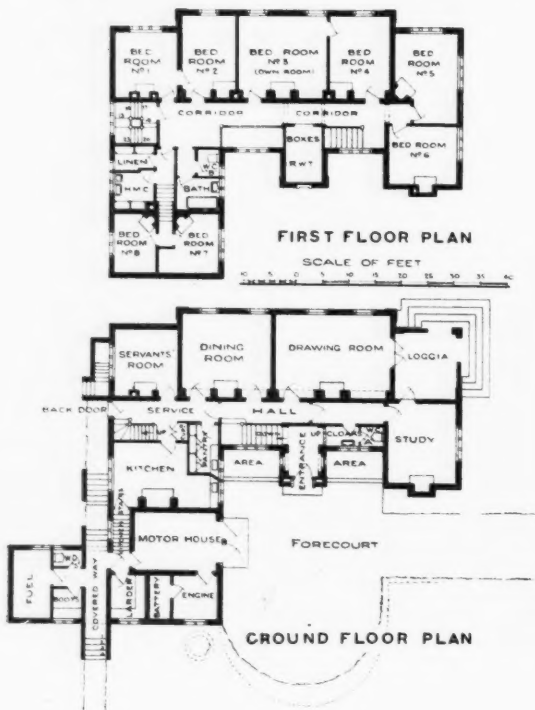
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



bedrooms are entered. In this way the "ground floor" rooms come on the level of the terrace which has been formed on the south side, and a basement has been avoided. The customary treatment, of course, would have been to take through the ground floor on the entrance level, but this would necessarily have resulted either in a big drop below the ground floor windows, or the alternative of a great deal of making up on the terrace side. The expedient adopted by entering half way up the house has avoided both these alternatives, and only a small amount of making up was needed for the terrace.

The house was built immediately before the war; in fact it was not completed till November, 1914, and the architect, having joined the Army, had the unusual experience of drawing some of the final details and settling the accounts in the midst of a very crowded camp on Salisbury Plain!

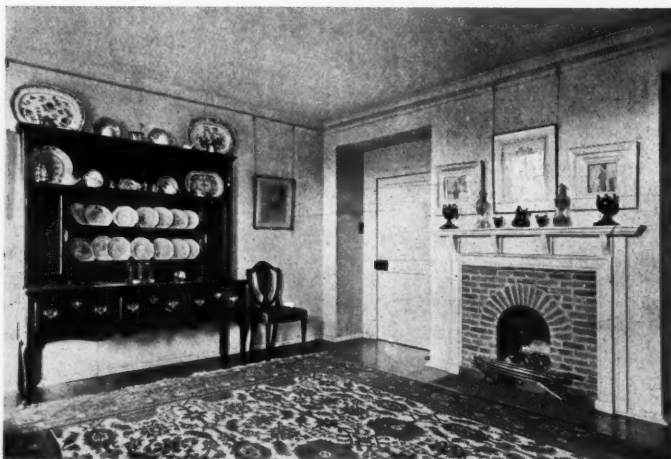
With the help of the foregoing explanation of how the house was adapted to the steep site the accompanying plans will explain themselves. They show an arrangement which fulfils the normal requirements of a small household, though the number of bedrooms is unusual, considering the size of the house, there being eight bedrooms on the first floor, and two more with a play-room in the attic. On the west side of the house there is a loggia, which forms a very pleasant open-air extension to the sitting-room, with a few steps down to the terrace and to the rose garden.

The house composes well from all sides. The accompanying views of east and west elevations show very clearly how the different floor levels have been contrived, while the south side, illustrated on the preceding page, displays a well proportioned symmetrical elevation made interesting by shuttered windows.

The walling—eleven inch, hollow—was faced with an inexpensive but unattractive local brick, with flat tile arches and key-stones to the window openings and concrete for the main cornice and loggia lintels. Left to themselves, the effect of these materials would probably have been unpleasing, but the whole of the house has been colour washed, and the effect is particularly good in conjunction with the large sand-faced pantiles from Haslemere. Hardly any lead has been used about the house, all valleys being formed of asphalt, which also has been used for the tops of dormers and other parts.

The cost worked out extremely low, even for pre-war days. It is, perhaps, annoying in these times to be told that rod. per foot cube covered the whole of it, including central heating and electric light, while the very delightful little gardener's cottage, close by, cost a little under 7d. per foot cube.

R. R. P.



Copyright.

DINING-ROOM.

"C.L."

# A READING of the NEWMARKET STAKES

## A TRIBUTE TO TETRATEMA.

SINCE the race last week for the Newmarket Stakes I feel rather more satisfied that Tetratema will win the Derby. By winning the Stakes Allenby showed that the form in the Two Thousand was reliable. I thought it would prove to be so, for I do not recall an important race which was run through at racing pace from end to end and which seemed so convincing in its result. My first and last impression was that Tetratema, fit and well, would always beat those he then accounted for, and I could see no logical reason why the running should not apply to the Derby. Why should any of those he beat at Newmarket defeat him for stamina at Epsom? Stamina in a horse is never established until, in fact, it is proved, and where the classic races are concerned we have to wait for the Derby for a mile and a half test. A horse's training to get that distance must be graduated, which is why it is not customary to select mile and a half races in public sooner than is necessary. First train your horse for speed and stoutness to get the mile of the Two Thousand Guineas. The extra half-mile of the Derby should then be fairly easy of accomplishment, except your horse be an absolute non-stayer as, say, Slieve Gallion was in his year.

Therefore the dogma that Tetratema will not stay at Epsom because his breeding does not suggest stamina makes no appeal to me. The more I see of racing the firmer I become in my resistance to being made a slave of theories. Certain principles in breeding and training may help and guide one, but they should never so over-master and influence as to blind you to facts and the logic of facts. In the case of Tetratema the logic of facts points to a Derby victory for him, but there are some people who adhere to a first principle that a first favourite must always be opposed for the Derby. It is of no use preaching logic to them. I daresay many who read these notes will not have the grey for the Derby, but have they asked themselves whether their opposition is based on anything more than prejudice? Indulgence in prejudice may lead one into very real difficulties. The temptation to indulge in it in racing so often presents itself. You may dislike a particular owner; you may have no admiration for a trainer or a jockey; and you may entertain a grudge against a horse, probably because you missed him when he won after having been waiting for him. You vow to drop him after that, so deep is your disgust.

Let me be a little more personal to prove my point. I have always admired Tetratema, and especially the decisive way in which he has come and won his races. I thought he did his work like a stayer. Then came that Newbury race which seemed to point to lack of stamina, though I was absolutely certain in my own mind that he had not given his true running. I made up my mind that he would reverse the running, but meanwhile I found that both Mr. Perse and Carslake had been rather shaken in their faith—not much, perhaps, but at least a little. Donoghue, too, who had won the race on Silvern, was confident the form was right, so that I began to doubt my own judgment. Then, as you know, I showed a slight leaning towards Silvern when the Two Thousand Guineas came on. Well, now, Tetratema humiliated his doubters when he came to compete for and win the first of the classic races, and some would rather oppose him at Epsom in the hope that he will be beaten and so soothe their wounded vanity, enabling them to say: "I was right about the Newbury race after all; he does not stay, and his Two Thousand Guineas victory was all a great big fluke." Tetratema may be beaten at Epsom, but I do not think he

will be unless Spion Kop is a far better horse than I believe him to be. The Two Thousand Guineas brought the grey and me together again, and I am not going to be so foolish as to err twice on grounds which are no firmer than a quicksand. So, also, the success of Allenby in the race for the Newmarket Stakes undoubtedly did much to hall-mark Tetratema's victory of the fortnight before. Mr. Raphael's horse won in convincing and smooth style, but he had to be asked to do his best to win. Leaving the Bushes I thought he was going to win easily, and the impression lasted until they reached the Dip. Paragon was then worrying him, and both Polumetis and Archaic were very close at hand. So Slade had to ask his horse for his best effort without actually having recourse to the whip, and thus urged with hand and heel he stayed in front to win by three parts of a length from Paragon, with Polumetis and Archaic less than a length away from the second.

I draw the inference that he has not improved abnormally since the Two Thousand Guineas, as it was prophesied he would do. It will be remembered that I did not agree with the suggestion that he was nothing like fit in his race with Tetratema for the good reason that no unfit horse could have put up the stout fight he did. Allenby won the Newmarket Stakes on his merits, just as he was himself beaten on his merits by Tetratema.

Those he beat last week are not likely to beat him again, and, of course, the expression of opinion refers especially to Polumetis and Archaic. The latter is a very fine horse as an individual, and he may be as good a performer some day, but the time for him to develop is surely too short between now and Derby Day. If Newmarket is to win the Derby, then it may be that Spion Kop will be the one to bring the honours to headquarters. Supposing his trainer tried him to be a roll, better horse than Paragon! That would be something to make the Tetratemists think hard. During the next week or ten days it is not unlikely that the horse may be



W. A. Rouch.

ALLENBY.

Copyright.

subjected to a trial. Mr. Gilpin must not be expected to write to the papers and make public the weights carried and the result, but the result will be known all the same. Incidentally, when Mr. Dawkins compiled the Free Handicap for two year olds last October, he set Tetratema to give Spion Kop no less than 31lb. Such, respectively, was their form as two year olds.

The Newmarket Stakes did one other thing beyond what I have been discussing. It gave the "knock out" to Prince Galahad as a likely proposition for the Derby. One of three things: (1) he is all wrong physically; (2) he is an arrant non-stayer; or (3) he is an arrant rogue. I am not prepared to convict at the moment on either of those counts. What, however, we are confronted with is the fact that, in spite of a strong stable belief to the contrary, he ran just as badly as he did for the Craven Stakes. His collapse was inglorious to a degree, and I am exceedingly sorry for his much-liked owners, Mr. Lionel Robinson and Mr. Willie Clark. Thus does a colt of exceptional promise as a two year old make his exit. One, however, can never forget how Bayardo was no good until the Ascot meeting was reached, and then, indeed, he was Bayardo.

A few lines may not be out of place in reference to the Manchester Cup race, which is due to be decided next Monday. It will be worth about £3,000 to the winner, but then the whole of the racing at this place is conducted on an enterprising and generous basis. The distance is a mile and a half, and I suppose Alec Taylor, the Manton trainer, is likely to supply a fancied



candidate in either Haki (8st. 6lb.), Elsmore (7st. 6lb.) or Chat Tor (7st. 2lb.). The distance will suit King John better than the sharp mile and a quarter of the Jubilee Handicap at Kempton Park. He and Lord Zetland's Pomme de Terre are nominal favourites at the time of writing, but the one that appeals most to me is Mr. Fred Hardy's Happy Man (7st. 8lb.). Mr. Hardy is a local man, and this four year old is the best of his big entry, and I know that big hopes are entertained of him. I shall therefore suggest that he will win.

PHILIPPOS.

## A BUSY WEEK'S GOLF

### THE ALL-CONQUERING MISS LEITCH.

MISS LEITCH is too good. That, concisely put, is the result of the Ladies' Championship. At Stoke a little while back she seemed temporarily off her game, but I had an idea the sea breezes would restore her confidence and her crispness of hitting, and so they did. Miss Bastin chased her to the seventeenth hole, and otherwise she had an easy passage of it. She clearly played her very best against Miss Molly Griffiths in the final, and no doubt she knew she had to do it, for Miss Griffiths would seem to be her nearest rival—a beautiful player with a soundly moulded style that ought to stand her in good stead for many years to come. Mrs. Dobell and Mrs. Macbeth were disappointing, and after Miss Griffiths Miss Janet Jackson, the Irish Champion, distinguished herself most. She is a really good and firm iron player and putts well, only needing, as far as I have seen her play, a certain consolidation, if one may so call it, of her driving style. The most brilliant individual round was Miss Griffiths' against the wretched but meritorious Miss Winn, when she had twelve holes in two under fours. If she had done a score like that against any wretched man—imagination boggles at it! The men may be thankful to think that she probably wouldn't.

### THE ST. GEORGE'S VASE AND MR. HARRIS.

I have no doubt that those who were not at Sandwich last Saturday, when they looked at their Sunday paper, must have deemed those of us who were there very bad golfers. I do not think we were very good, but we had a very difficult game to play. The St. George's tees are a terribly long way back—even Mr. Mure Fergusson thought the game "too strenuous"—the wind blew harder and harder and the rough was thoroughly vindictive: one yard into it or twenty, the niblick was as a rule one's portion. But it was a thoroughly fine test of golf; there would be no two opinions about that. As one distinguished golfer has just said to me as I write: "It was the sort of day Johnny Ball might have won on." He might, very well, and it was the sort of day on which, a few years ago, he certainly would have won. At any rate, it was a day that brought out the best golfer in the field a winner. This was Mr. Robert Harris, and if 79 and 83, 162, was not of his very best, it was quite good enough. He is not in the least afraid of slicing—I envied him, oh! how bitterly—and I think this power of holding the ball into the strong cross wind stood him in good stead. In both rounds he had a bad time coming home, and indeed it was very difficult to avoid a long row of fives, here and there bespattered with sixes, but he just managed to last the course and win a well deserved and popular victory.

### SOME OF THE OTHERS.

Of course, many people thought, when all was over, that if only they had done this or avoided that they ought to have beaten Mr. Harris. In fact, only two people came within measurable distance of him. One was Mr. Jobson, who had two 82's, and is much to be congratulated on doing so well. With only three holes to go he had a good chance of tying, but the putts would not quite drop and he just failed. Mr. Michael Scott also had a score of 164, 84 and 80, and could he only have putted reasonably well in the morning he might well have won, for his fine controlled style and enviable firmness of foot were well suited to the blustery day. He made a gallant and well sustained spurt at the end of his second round and hit the last hole to tie with Mr. Harris, but the ball hopped out again and he missed the short one. After these two came the present writer, and if his first round of 80 was quite good, the less said about his second the better. Mr. Humphrey Ellis also had an 80 in the first round and would have been well up the list in the afternoon if he had troubled to finish out his round, but he had too many sixes and grew weary. All sorts of good players returned—or did not return—all sorts of bad scores. Mr. Gillies actually managed to amass 90 strokes in the morning, and Mr. Angus Hambro took 51 to come home. Yes, we most of us played badly, but it was a wind.

### VARDON AND ABE MITCHELL.

It is a long time since I saw a more exciting and entertaining match between two professionals than that in which Abe Mitchell beat Harry Vardon at Sandy Lodge by a single hole in thirty-six. They played beautiful golf; indeed, considering they had travelled half the night and tumbled into bed at half-past five in the morning, miraculous golf. Most people when they have had practically no sleep see three balls on the tee and fail to strike any one of them. Yet these two drove magnificently. Not for a long while have I seen Vardon play so like his old self;

his timing was perfection and he made Mitchell sometimes look a little amateurish. Yet Mitchell nearly always had the length of him, sometimes by thirty or forty yards, and his hitting against the wind, which used to be rather a weak spot in his amateur days, was glorious to see. In the morning Vardon, with a putting cleek and in a Duncanesque attitude, holed some excellent putts, whereas Mitchell was rather weak. In the afternoon the boot was on the other leg, and it was by good holing out that Mitchell managed to scramble home. Perhaps a halved match would have been the best ending, for Vardon certainly ought to have won after being three up with seven to go, and Mitchell deserved every credit for the way he stuck to his man. Both were getting very tired towards the end, and here, no doubt, Vardon's fifty years told heavily on him—but what a golfer he is! There is nobody quite like him, even now. He beat them all the very next day at Bramshot.

B. D.

## TOURNAMENTS & PLAYERS

TOURNAMENT secretaries are evidently intending to take the matter of getting their entries in in good time well in hand this year. Nearly all tournaments are closing their entries considerably earlier than usual, and I fancy that most of them are going to stick strictly to the date they mention on their entry-forms, and will not accept late entries made by wire or telephone. One reason for this is that the difficulty of getting the programmes ready in good time will be more pronounced than ever this year, owing to the refusal of printers to work overtime. Intending competitors will therefore do well not to put off making their entries till the very last moment, a practice which long use has rendered a second nature to many of them. Those, especially, who intend to enter for the Championships should note that entries close on June 10th—no less than ten days before play begins—and will not be accepted at all unless made in writing. This new regulation will obviate the trouble which arose last year, when a prominent overseas player, entering himself and his team over the telephone, failed to make it clear that he himself wished to play in the Singles, and was consequently left out of the draw. Under the new system, presumably, everybody who enters will receive an acknowledgment of his entry, and the list will be published in the papers; so that there will be plenty of time before the draw is made for any genuine error to be put right.

Those who make a habit of pitifully wailing over England's decade got a temporary silencer last week at Roehampton, where the grass court season opened in a blaze of sunshine. This buffet was administered to them by Gordon Lowe, who in my opinion, was the best English singles player in 1914. He has not yet recovered his old form; but that he is well on the way to it was shown by the way in which he disposed in succession of the three principal players of the South African team—L. Raymond, G. H. Dodd and, in the final, B. I. C. Norton. Lowe makes many more winning drives with his back-hand than with his fore-hand; but so ingrained is the idea that a player's back-hand *must* be his weak spot that each of the South Africans in turn experimented on this assumption, to their successive undoing. The final was quite a good game, and interesting from the dissimilarity both in style and in person of the two contestants; for while Lowe has the appearance, and his game the stateliness, of a Roman Emperor, Norton and his game remind one of the laughing and light-hearted *insouciance* of one of P. G. Wodehouse's (early-period) schoolboys.

But though the South Africans thus did not quite come up to expectations they will do better later on, especially if they stay for the holiday tournaments after Wimbledon and the Davis Cup are over. They are now in Paris for the Hard Court Championships; and their absence has given Surbiton quite an old-world home flavour about its entry, which includes hardly anybody from overseas, though, as usual, nearly all the best English players have been providing most attractive play during this week. A curious feature of the entry has been the large preponderance of ladies over men. Normally the proportion is about five men to every four ladies, but at Surbiton it is about five ladies to every three men. This is doubtless due to the fact that all girls are nowadays taught to play while still at school; but if it is to be taken as an index to the entries of 1920, even "Summer Time" will scarcely suffice for the finishing of the ladies' doubles handicap at some tournaments—and that in spite of the volley having come into vogue as a feminine weapon!

Two prominent overseas lady players, by the way, will swell the list of those entering at Wimbledon in the hope of winning the All-Comers' Singles and thereby getting the chance—slim though it be!—of robbing Mlle. Lenglen of her last year's honours. These are Mrs. Franklin Mallory, from America—and Mrs. H. A. Kirby, from South Africa. Mrs. Mallory was formerly Miss Molla Bjurstedt, who after being Champion of Norway for several years, went to America and won the U.S.A. Ladies' Championship in 1916 and 1918. Mrs. Kirby has won the South African Championship six or seven times; and though the opposition there is not remarkably strong, she is a sound player who is quite likely to win an open singles or two in this country, even if she does not long survive at Wimbledon.

F. R. BURROW.

## NATURE NOTES

## BIRD OBSERVATIONS OF THE WEEK

ON April 8th I paid a first visit to an island famous for the number of sea birds which nest there. Herring-gulls in their thousands thronged the island, and in some instances their nests seemed almost completed. Not all the greater black-backed gulls had arrived, and very few of the lesser black-backed; indeed, I saw only one pair of the latter. Kittiwakes had already taken possession of their last year's nests, but had not yet commenced to repair them. Razorbills were to be seen swimming in line near the island, but none were as yet at their nesting grounds. I saw a small company of guillemots inspecting their nesting ledges, but they were very wild, and took flight when I was a considerable distance from them. About six pairs of lapwings were nesting on some rough pasture land, but I saw no eggs, though several scrapes had been made. Along the East Coast of Ireland the lapwing is quite an uncommon bird, and one always sees them nesting with pleasure.

On revisiting the island on April 22nd I searched hundreds of herring-gulls' nests without finding a single egg, but heard that one was seen on the 20th of the month. A few of the cormorants were already sitting, for on this island they are rather earlier than the gulls, and others were standing beside their half-finished nests. I saw no razorbills or guillemots at their nesting ledges on this day, but many puffins were inspecting their burrows, and some of them were flying over the highest ground of the island at a considerable distance from the sea. At least two of the lapwings now had full clutches of eggs. Even now only a few lesser black-backed gulls had arrived, and the kittiwakes had not yet commenced to repair their nests. The wheatear I had seen on March 22nd, and on April 8th the first chiffchaff was heard in song. On the afternoon of the 13th the first pair of swallows passed me bound north-west. They had apparently just come in from the sea. On the 19th I saw many willow-warblers on an island in the Irish Sea, and on this day I heard the first in song in our garden. Thrushes were also on this island, though they do not nest there.

It was not till April 20th that I saw the first sand-martin making his way low against the wind. On May 4th I saw and heard a whimbrel passing north, and on the 5th saw the first swift—on, I think, exactly the same day as last year. By the 6th many of these birds had arrived, and numbers of swallows were migrating north. On the 8th, the terns, common or Arctic, arrived along the shore; but it was not till the 11th that the first house-martin was seen—more than a week later than last year. Even then only one bird arrived, and at once inspected his former nest. Up to the time of writing—May 16th—the other nests are untenanted.

Some little while before that, after a wait of two hours, I found a stonechat's nest, almost completed, within a few yards of where the birds nested last season. Built in a gorse bush, it had a moss-lined passage leading to it through the prickles, and was perfectly concealed. The stonechat is an adept at misleading, and there are few, if any, nests so difficult to locate. Not far off, a meadow-pipit was carrying grass to her nest. On the sea, just beneath the stonechat's nest, I watched for a time four razorbills together, one of them already in the handsome black and white nesting plumage, the others in transition stages of their more inconspicuous winter dress. Black guillemots were already swimming near their nesting hollows. I watched several pairs courting, the birds in their ardour skimming at great speed just below the surface of the water. On this day many puffins were on the sea near an island where they nest, but I did not see their actual arrival, which was probably a few days previous. On revisiting the stonechats' nest on April 25th, I found the hen sitting close on five eggs, and near by a herring-gull was already brooding on two eggs.

Just before the beginning of May I saw a mature black-headed gull on the coast along with a number of immature birds, which, however, had already assumed the dark brown head which one associates with the adult. On May 10th a small flock of purple sandpipers still lingered on the rocks where they had spent the winter, but they probably took their departure shortly after, during the very warm weather which then prevailed.

SETON GORDON.

## HOW A PHEASANT HIDES.

Across the lane from one of my windows is a bit of copse, the trees of which were cut about three years ago. The nearer end of the enclosure is cleared, except for some young blackthorn bushes, and a space covered with the vivid green leaves of ramson and bluebell. As I went to the window to look out I saw a cock pheasant in all the glory of his spring plumage feeding among the ramson leaves. He was barely 100 yds. from the window, and, as I watched, he slowly melted

down until there was nothing to be seen but a tiny speck of red. The action was so slowly and quietly done that there was no apparent movement to attract attention. I moved away from the window out of the direct line of sight, and was rewarded by seeing the pheasant raise its head and glance cautiously around. Thinking I had vanished, he at once raised himself and stood gazing at the window. I advanced and he at once sank down and totally vanished among the green leaves, not showing even a speck of the brilliant red colouring around his eyes. Rather curious to know how long he would hide, and how close I might approach to his hiding place without his moving. I climbed over the wall into the copse enclosure and commenced to force my way through the blackthorns. At this minute a hen pheasant got up from almost under my feet, but the cock never moved, although I was within half a dozen paces of his squatting place. I could see his long tail lying among the leaves. I advanced until I was within 2 ft. of the bird, and could see him perfectly as he lay with his neck outstretched and perfectly motionless. He was most magnificently coloured with a single trace of a white ring around his neck. It was not until I bent to touch him that he got up with a loud whirr of his wings and crashed through the bushes, flying off over the paddock, uttering, as I thought, a derisive cry as he went. H. T. C.

## THE SMALL MEADOW PIPITS.

Judging by the recovery of marked meadow pipits it would seem that such birds bred in the North of England, at any rate, are total migrants, for all the recoveries made in winter have been effected either in south-west France or in Portugal. One marked in North Lancashire was found at Bayonne in October of the same year, and another in February, seven months later, near Lisbon in Portugal; while two marked in Yorkshire were recovered respectively at Bordeaux in the following September, and in Landes, in October of the same year, both in south-west France. Of their return to their summer quarters no fewer than three, bred and ringed in Lancashire and Yorkshire, were recovered there in the summer following, and two bred in Lancashire and Wigtownshire in the next summer but one.

H. W. ROBINSON.

## THE DISTRIBUTION OF BIRDS.

The effect of the geographical nature of certain districts upon the distribution of familiar species of birds is worthy of more study than has apparently been devoted to it, and further research might result in much enlightenment on a somewhat obscure problem. As an illustration of the point I take the district with which I am best acquainted, the central valleys of the English Lake District, roughly speaking, those hills and valleys which radiate from the head of Lake Windermere, partly in Lancashire and partly in Westmorland. It is curious to find that certain abundant and familiar species should be wholly or almost entirely absent from this district, though in other respects the bird life of the neighbourhood is singularly rich and interesting.

Taking first the resident birds, perhaps the most striking absentee is the elsewhere abundant linnet. In an experience of over thirty years I have never yet come across this bird in the central valleys, though it is common enough both to the north and the south of the district. Why should this elsewhere common bird be missing? The only explanation that suggests itself is the comparative scarcity of gorse, not a common plant on the slate formation. The same reason may possibly account for the absence of the stonechat, which is so rare as to be practically unknown, though common enough on the coast side of the mountains not far away. But we must seek another reason when we attempt to account for the complete absence of the skylark, one of the most generally distributed of birds. This species does not breed in any of the more central valleys, and, indeed, is extremely rare at any time of the year. Only twice in thirty years have I come across small wandering flocks, each time in severe winter weather with snow on the ground. Is it too fanciful to suggest that it is the surrounding mountains that keep this bird away? Possibly the hills overawe it, and, loving to ascend and survey the world from an altitude of its own, it cannot bear to find itself still out-topped by some high hill. That this is not impossible is proved by the fact that the bird nests, though somewhat sparingly, in the lower country not far away, such as between Windermere and Kendal, and near Hawkshead, where the geological formation and general conditions are almost the same except for the greater distance from the higher mountains.

It is, perhaps, more easy to explain the absence of the tree sparrow and the common bunting, as both these species have a somewhat irregular distribution, and we are doubtless just too far north for the nuthatch. But what is lacking on our Cumbrian hills to keep away the golden plover, which not only does not breed, but is seldom seen even as a bird of passage? This



species breeds not uncommonly on the neighbouring Pennine kange, but is absent from the Lake mountains. Possibly the comparative absence of heather has something to do with this, for, although not confined to heather moors, the bird certainly does seem to have a partiality for short heather. The same reason probably accounts for the absence of the twite, which otherwise might well be expected.

As regards the summer visitors, we are, of course, too far north for some of these, such as the nightingale and the turtle dove; but it is strange to find that such a species as the reed warbler is unknown, though, it is true, we are near its northern limit; still, the conditions seem perfect for this bird. The lesser white-throat, too, is practically unknown in the central valleys, though it has just been known to nest not far away, even so near as at Windermere. The grasshopper warbler stands in the same position; it has just been known, but many years may pass without the bird being recorded. The sand-martin may be mentioned, though not as a complete absentee. One or two small colonies only are known, with not more than three or four pairs at each, but the scarcity of these little birds is easily explained by the nature of the soil, which is extremely rocky and

stony, so that it is well-nigh impossible for them to excavate their tunnels. I have found nests no more than 6 ins. to 8 ins. from the entrance hole, very different from the depth usually reached in softer soils.

Apart from the presence or absence of certain species during the nesting season, it is interesting to note how many otherwise familiar residents desert our district in the winter, notwithstanding the fact that the climate is a mild one. The song thrush leaves the central valleys almost entirely from November to February, though still present only a few miles away. Greenfinches, yellowhammers, pied wagtails and the less common reed buntings, all leave us almost entirely during the winter months, while the most typical bird of the district, the meadow pipit, which swarms on the hills all summer, also leaves entirely in the winter, and even the hardy lapwings desert the central valleys and only return in February, though flocks are present all the winter only a very short distance away. Such are the discrepancies in the bird life of one small area, and it would be interesting to know more about the ebb and flow in other districts, especially among the better known and more familiar birds.

A. A.

## A LEOPARD STORY

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. R. KELHAM, C.B.

HIGH up among the pine-clad hills the River Giri, at first a small mountain torrent, foams down in miniature cascades to the valley below where, joined by innumerable burns, it soon becomes a broad stream of gravelly shallows and swirling rapids flowing mile after mile through magnificent scenery. Many a happy day's sport have I spent with rifle, gun, or rod in this sportsman's paradise, as it was in those times, for the river was full of mahseer, while the surrounding hills of rocky heights towering above thickly wooded ravines held game of every sort, from bear, leopard, and gooral (chamois) to the handsome kallege pheasant and jungle fowl.

During one of these visits my tent was pitched on a grassy plateau overlooking the river—a charming site. A grove of patriarchal mango trees overshadowed the camp, but, the weather being very hot, my tent door was never closed, and at night while lying in bed I looked out on a strangely beautiful scene; it was almost full moon, and the wooded slopes on the opposite side of the river were bathed in soft moonlight, while a mile up-stream a long stretch of rushing water shone and glittered like molten silver.

Evidently the beasts of the jungle were abroad. The harsh, grating voice, just like the sawing of wood, of a love-making leopard, for it was the mating season, resounded through the still night. It is simply extraordinary the distance this peculiar cry can be heard, but whether uttered by the male or by both sexes I was never able to ascertain, though incline to the former theory. Half dozing, I was planning arrangements for tying up a goat in hopes of "a kill," but, tired after a long day's fishing, fatigue and the ceaseless roar of the water soon lulled me to sleep.

Next morning a brilliant sun banished slumber, so, in pyjamas and slippers, I strolled across the grass to have a look at the river, the angler's first anxiety. A few days previously a sheep had been bought for food and the unconsumed portion hung from the branch of a tree—my improvised larder—6ft. or 8ft. off the ground so as to be safe from prowling village curs. To my surprise, leaping at it, now and again sitting up on its hind legs in a most grotesque attitude, was a pine marten, most active of climbers, so doubtless it had tried from above, but had been defeated by the long cord by which the savoury meat dangled. It had not seen me, so fetching my gun I dodged from tree to tree till near enough to shoot it, for though beautiful to look at, these martens are most destructive to all game, destroying even the young of the barking deer, or karkur, as it is called in the hills. Including the tail, they are nearly 3ft. in length, very like a huge chestnut black and yellowish white ferret and having the same strong smell; I found them common throughout the Lower Himalayas, especially so in the wooded valleys.

A tub on the grassy lawn under the trees in a comfortable zinc bath—none of your rubber concerns from which, unless you are very careful, the water pours out from one side as you get in on the other—breakfast, and I got together my tackle for the day's fishing.

Late in the afternoon, just as I had landed a most sporting 11lb. mahseer, my attention was attracted by a couple of hillmen who came running up, breathless with excitement; they had been driving home their cattle along one of the narrow,

winding tracks down the hillside when suddenly two leopards sprang into their midst, seizing one cow and stampeding the rest, also the men, for they could hardly speak, so fast had they run to where they knew I was fishing. They said this had happened "nazdik" (near); but a native's "near" may be 100yds., or may be a mile or more.

Hurrying up to camp I got my rifle and started, at first a short distance on the flat, then the track zig-zagged up a steep, thickly wooded hill, easy enough to run down, but no joke hurrying up on a hot, sweltering afternoon; fit as I was, I literally dripped, for the "near" seemed to become further and further; moreover, we were racing against time, for the shadows were lengthening and in an hour the light would be too bad for accurate shooting. However, in a short time we came to where the dead cow lay across the path with two great fang marks in its throat. We were above the forest and the hill was covered with scrub and comparatively small trees, wide-spreading, but of no height, and in the fork of one of these, about 6ft. up, I squatted—not a satisfactory place, being too near and likely to scare the leopard, as I was much exposed to view. After arranging myself as comfortably as was possible I had a few trial aims to be sure I could get well on the mark without moving or rustling a leaf.

Doubtless the leopards were lying up somewhere near, and it struck me that they might not be able to count and distinguish two from three, so I told my men to go away, talking loudly till they were well out of hearing, and not to return till summoned by the report of my rifle. Their voices gradually died away in the distance, quiet reigned, and I was keenly on the alert; but for ten minutes nothing came, the light was beginning to fade and I becoming despondent, when suddenly, without a sound, a large male leopard stepped out of the scrub within a few yards of the cow—it seemed quite uncanny, so suddenly, so silently had it appeared.

For a minute it stood motionless, looking in the direction by which the men had gone, evidently having heard them depart and, as I had hoped, had no suspicion that two had gone but one had remained, for it slowly walked up to and stood over its victim, directly facing me where I sat as if carved in stone. At this minute it turned its head and gazed up the slope where a movement of the bushes probably indicated the approach of its mate. Instantly I slowly raised my rifle, got quickly sighted on its chest, a small target but a close one, pressed the trigger and had the satisfaction of seeing it sink dead literally in its tracks, not a move except an occasional convulsive twitch of its tail.

I remained in my tree till the men were near, then shouted: "It is on the path," meaning it was dead, but either my Hindustani or their nerves failed, for they bolted; however, they soon returned when I loudly explained matters. After much rejoicing one of the men hoisted the dead leopard on his back with its front legs round his neck, the hind ones tied round his waist—a method often employed by these hillmen to carry gooral.

The homeward journey was all down hill, so before long we reached the river and saw the twinkling lights of camp; my servants, anxious to know the result of the shot, came running down to the ford with many exclamations of delight: "Shabash! Shabash! Sahib!" (well done, well done, Sahib) being their cry on seeing the result of our evening on the hill.